HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1889.

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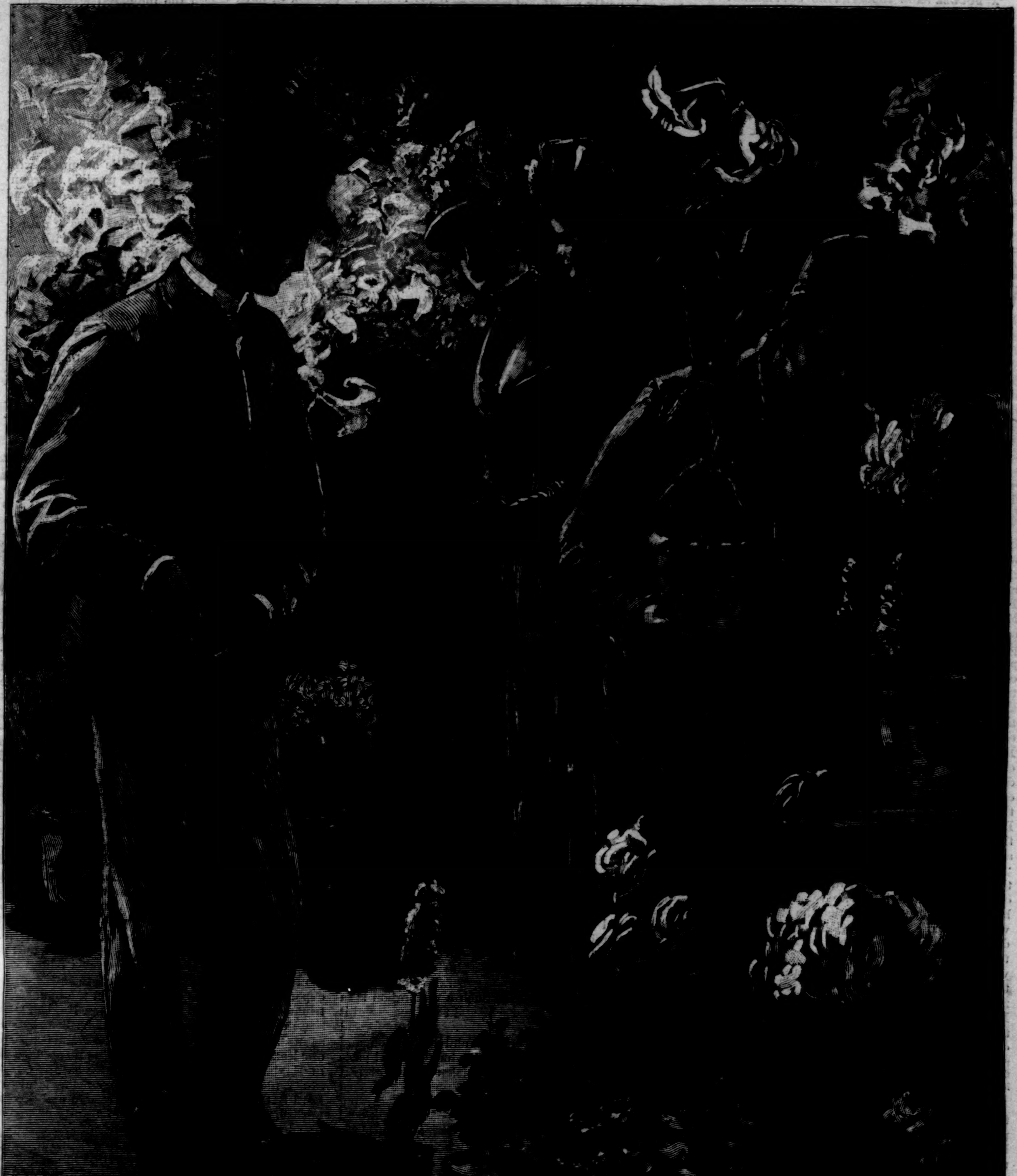
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



BUYING EASTER FLOWERS.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 307.]

"Harper's Young People is a marvel. It is edited with wise and skilful tact. It instructs while it amuses."—*Congregationalist, Boston.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

The number for April 16th has an Easter character. It opens with an article on "Singing in the Choir," by Gustave Kobbé, *with a front-page illustration by* H. D. Nichols. *"Easter Ways" is the title of an article by* Margaret E. Sangster, *telling of Easter customs in this and other countries.* F. S. Church *has a page of sketches on "Easter Eggs and Easter Cards." "The Forgotten-Lily" is a poem by* Margaret Johnson, *with an illustration by* Jessie McDermot.

"The A. O. I. B. R." is the enigmatic title of a short story by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, *illustrated by* Allegro Eggleston. *The serial story "Dorymates," by* Kirk Munroe, *is continued, and* Margaret Emma Ditto *has a very pretty fable called "Spirit and Life."*

A DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

is an engraving by Ch. Baude *of "In the Shade," a painting by* J. P. Mesle, *in the Paris Salon of* 1888.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, April 20, 1889.

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An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

PLEDGES AND PERFORMANCES.

We have been in no haste to criticise the course of the President in regard to the civil service. But after six weeks of incessant appointments and removals it is possible fairly to test that course by the promises of the Republican platform and the pledges of the President. There are two views of the civil service. One holds that it is a vast system of places to be treated as rewards for partisan service; the other, that it is a national business department to be managed upon business principles. Civil service reform is universally known to contemplate the practical adoption of the latter view. Its purpose and scope are perfectly definite. It means to separate the unvarying business routine of administration from politics. The Republican party in its platform last June unhesitatingly and absolutely adopted this view as its own, and denouncing as deserters from the cause of honest government Republicans who declined to vote for Mr. Blaine in 1884, it declared that the party would not break its pledges of reform because such deserters had broken theirs. This pledge was carefully reiterated and adopted by Mr. Harrison, and upon this ground he was supported by many reformers. If there be honor and truth in politics he was by his own word and by the solemn profession of his party as strictly engaged to a policy of reform as Abraham Lincoln and the party in 1861 to securing the freedom of the Territories. We ask any honest Republican whether since the 4th of March there has been in the course of the Republican Executive, in the conduct of Republican Senators and Representatives and local party leaders, in the general tone of the Republican press, in any of the ordinary and recognized methods by which opinion expresses itself, any signs whatever of respect for the platform promises and the Presidential pledges. Looking at the spectacle in Washington, at the partisan changes begun with energy in the post-offices, at the most significant local appointments, at the "slates" of local "bosses" sent up, as they state, at the request of the President, would it occur to any observer that a civil service reform administration had been inaugurated, and that the Republican party was busily engaged in not violating its pledges? We do not mean that incompetent persons have been systematically appointed to non-political offices. But we ask any fair-minded Republican whether all the things that we have mentioned, and which every newspaper reports, show any regard whatever for Mr. Harrison's declaration in his letter of acceptance, that

> "in appointments to every grade and department fitness and not party service should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office. Only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office."

The treatment of the New York Post-office offers the best possible test of the real reform character and purpose of an administration. It is an office which has nothing whatever to do with politics, and which the introduction of politics necessarily obstructs and demoralizes. It is the chief office of the kind in the country, and one of the most important in the world. Under the successive administrations of Mr. James and Mr. Pearson, and in strict and honest conformity to the business view of such an office, it has become a model for the postal service. They were both Republicans as citizens, but as postmasters they knew no politics. The Democratic President four years ago, honestly agreeing with their views, reappointed the Republican Postmaster solely because he was a good officer and not an active partisan. By the co-operation of a Republican Postmaster and a Democratic President this great office was taken out of politics amid universal approval, except that of professional politicians, and brought to an unprecedented efficiency. By this single act immense progress was made toward the condition of the service which the Republican party declared that it was its purpose to secure, and to whose attainment the Republican President was personally pledged. But more than this, it was one of the greatest public benefits, because it demonstrated that implicit fidelity to sound principles of business administration provided the best possible public service. The situation at the Post-office had only to be maintained and liberally supported, in accordance with the platform and the pledge, to justify the assertion that at least a Republican administration was as honestly mindful of reform as the Democratic which it superseded. But instead of maintaining the situation, it has deliberately surrendered it. In direct violation of the most solemn pledges the public benefit has been annulled, and one of the signal achievements of the reform to which the Republican platform devoted its administration has been undone. We say in violation of pledges, because neither the President, who has not been "deceived," would say, nor would any honest Republican say for him, that "party service" was not "the essential and discriminating test" in making the appointment of the Postmaster. Everybody knows it. The *Tribune*, which has always sneered covertly at reform, throws off the mask, and says frankly, in defence of the abandonment of the New York Custom-house to the political machine, "It is certain that party organization cannot be maintained by ignoring party leaders," which is the old and constant and only plea of the spoils system.

The President has removed the ablest, most competent, most experienced, most thoroughly non-partisan officer of his kind in the country, and has replaced him by a gentleman known only and solely as an active party politician. With full knowledge of the facts, upon mature consideration, and in the most conspicuous possible instance, he has taken the precise course which has produced all the enormous and threatening evils which it is the object of civil service reform to correct. We appeal again to honest Republicans to say whether, if the Republican sneers at Mr. Cleveland's "sham reform" were justified, such sneers are not quite as justifiable in considering the conduct of the present administration thus far. We shall gladly see Mr. Field appointed Postmaster at Philadelphia if all that is said of him be true. But that will certainly not be as significant as the reappointment of Mr. Pearson by President Cleveland four years ago. Republicans well remember that good works in Massachusetts at that time were not permitted to set off the evil that was done in Maryland and Indiana. Moreover—and that is the worst aspect of the case—the appointment of the New York Postmaster is accordant with an executive policy of appointing at the will of local party leaders. This system, which arose under the Democrats, was thoroughly organized by Republicans, and led to a revolt of intelligent Republican sentiment which produced the movement for reform. That Republican movement culminated in the platform of 1888 and the letter of the candidate. But, so far as appears, the adverse view is now acquiring complete ascendency. Whatever may be true of the Democratic party, it would be impossible honestly to say that the prospects of civil service reform have been improved by a party change of administration.

OUR "HAPPY CONSTITUTION."

The approach of the celebration of the centenary of the Constitution has occasioned several droll incidents, such as the misunderstanding between the committee and the Legislature, and the discussion about the centennial quadrille at the ball, and it has suggested also the question whether the celebration has been altogether wisely designed. But, upon the whole, probably the most generally satisfactory scheme has been adopted. Such a celebration is in its nature a popular spectacle, and to be successful it must appeal to popular sympathy. Decorations and a procession are indispensable, and an oration and poem and dinner are made by custom essential parts of such an occasion. The provision for the arrival of the President in the city by the same route pursued by Washington gives opportunity for a striking aquatic spectacle, and a ball is one of the traditional forms of festal observance of Washington's birthday, and not inappropriately may be included in the scheme for the celebration. In all such affairs there must be incongruities, but the great object must be the general impression.

It has been objected to the military parade that it is not a happy conception, because we are not a military people, and that, as Mr. Adler says, our army is but a police force. There are, however, two considerations to be urged for the decision of the committee upon this point: one is that not only have the soldiery always had part in great spectacular processions, but that military uniforms and brilliancy greatly enhance the processional effect; the other consideration is that although not a military people, in the German sense, yet we are especially so in the sense of volunteer military readiness. The militia is the people armed for its own defence, and a parade of the militia or National Guard is suggestive of the ultimate protection of the commonwealth by the armed force of the whole people. This supplies a reason for the particular form, if any reason be necessary beyond that of effective spectacle. The mistake upon this point seems to us to lie in separating the industrial from the military display. The two should have been blended so that the pageant should have symbolized the fact that the workers and the soldiers are not classes, but the same people. Moreover, as Mr. Adler truly says, the industrial aspect is the more characteristic; and it seems to us, therefore, again a mistake to have placed the industrial procession at the end of the programme on the last day, when public attention will be somewhat wearied.

Undoubtedly if the arrangements for the celebration were to be revised in the light of the fuller consideration which the whole subject has now received, they would give greater prominence to the fact that the occasion is not a commemoration of Washington's inauguration only, but of the beginning of the greatest popular constitutional government in history. This is the point to which the *Commercial Advertiser* has well directed public attention, with the suggestion that it might yet be possible to organize an addition to the celebration of historical and interpretative addresses upon the Constitution, with hints of amendments, shown by the course of national development to be desirable. Probably with more time for reflection and preparation this in some form would have been done, and in fact will be done in the discussions which the occasion will be sure to stimulate. Perhaps, also, at the dinner something of this kind may be done in hints upon certain points—for they can be no more—from eminent and representative men. The occasion will be the closing event in the great cycle of centennial celebrations, which began about fifteen years ago, commemorating the chief successive events of the Revolution, and now culminating in the memorial observance of the beginning of the marvellous story of our "happy Constitution."

IRELAND.

Fortune smiles upon Ireland. The remarkable exposure of the forgery of the Parnell letters has been followed by the speech of Sir Charles Russell, which is conceded to have been an extraordinary display of power and eloquence, like the speeches of Burke and Sheridan in the Warren Hastings trial, and to have been such a masterly exposition of the essential justice of the Irish movement as has never before been made. All signs point to a radical change of British sentiment upon the whole question, or at least so far as this, that the Irish movement is not a mere agitation of demagogues for their own advantage, but that the condition of Ireland demands some decisive action; and whether home rule is the best practicable measure or not, yet that home rule must be tried. Never before in the long history of the relation between the two countries has any important body of Englishmen taken the Irish view, so that a general election in England would now be really a poll of the country upon the question of home rule in Ireland, with the strong probability of a result favorable to Irish hopes.

In such political situations the personality of leaders is of very great importance, and here also the advantage is with Ireland. The greatest party leader in England, the chief English political figure, and the most eminent Englishman, Mr. Gladstone, is the English leader of the Irish movement; while its Irish leader, Mr. Parnell, is a man of singular sagacity and untiring tenacity, with a temperament and qualities which are English rather than Irish, who, after a prolonged and unsparing contest, during which he has been steeped in the most odious calumny, has been vindicated by the eager hatred of his opponents, and by his moderation in the moment of triumph has appealed strongly to the English good sense and love of fair play, so that he is at last respected, perhaps as a mistaken, but certainly a patriotic leader. On the other hand, while no public man in England is so personally popular as Mr. Gladstone, none is less so than the Tory Prime-Minister, Lord Salisbury. Unquestionably able and accomplished, with an extraordinary opportunity offered to him by the alliance of the dissentient Liberals, and with a cause which at the beginning of his Ministry seemed to arouse the intensest British feeling of pride and patriotism, Lord Salisbury has failed to kindle enthusiasm or to achieve any personal popularity whatever. He has apparently no power to withstand or in any way to divert the strong current of public feeling which seems now to set toward Ireland, and in the event of a dissolution of Parliament it is doubtful whether his Ministry would not be overthrown.

This change of feeling is the more significant because it destroys one of the chief Tory hopes, which was that as Mr. Gladstone was the chief support of the Irish cause, his age promised his speedy withdrawal from participation in public affairs. But the recent change is largely independent of Mr. Gladstone's immediate influence. Doubtless he had prepared the public mind for the proper effect of the signal failure of the *Times's* accusations of Mr. Parnell, but it was the failure itself which has been the active agent. It was because a large body of honest Englishmen undoubtedly believed Mr. Parnell to be the villain that the *Times* alleged, and professed to be able conclusively to prove, and because these Englishmen now see that the accusation was wholly false, and because their confidence in the *Times* has been utterly shaken, that the change has taken place. Since he is proved not to be the villain that his enemies alleged, why should he not be the patriot that his friends declare him to be? This is the point which this English feeling has reached, and this is independent of Mr. Gladstone. Should any untoward chance remove him, therefore, the cause with which he has identified his name will remain, and the sentiment which his intelligence and earnestness and eloquence have fostered will probably deepen until the Irish question is honorably settled. Surely fortune smiles on Ireland.

GENERAL BOUM.

It is impossible to view the performances of General Boulanger without regarding him as a political General Boum. His career is a spectacle of *opéra bouffe* politics. Neither the grounds of his personal popularity nor the significance of his actions are easily discernible. He has performed no great service. He has shown no ability. He has said nothing of importance. But he is undeniably a significant figure in French politics of the moment, and his trial by the Senate upon a charge of conspiring against the government is the event which attracts universal attention. Assuming that the Senate, which supports the Ministry that is hostile to him, will convict him, and saying that he believes they intended to take his life, Boulanger has gone to Belgium, to stay, as he says, until after the autumn elections, unless in the mean time Belgium should request him to "move on," in which event he would cross to England. By representing himself as exiled by a just apprehension of foul play from his political enemies, he poses as a martyr to influence the elections, his hope being that the votes for him in October, added to those that he has already received, will demonstrate his immense popularity, and justify his return under the protection of the people.

The Boulanger manifesto issued at Brussels vituperates the Ministry freely, but it throws little light upon the situation. The General says that his legitimate ambition is to wrest the republic from the hands of those who are weakening and ruining it; that he desires an honest republic for all good Frenchmen, and to secure it by the legal means of universal suffrage. This is nothing but the usual revolutionary pronunciamento, and offers no definite reason for his conduct. Boulanger's especial guide, philosopher, and friend, the companion of his voluntary exile in Belgium, is Henri Rochefort. But to vote for a Boulanger-Rochefort republic would be a mad whim of the French people, although such a vote is not, for that reason, improbable. The real explanation of the French situation and of the Boulanger movement is probably discontent produced by the constant activity of the red republicans, the desire of revenge upon Germany, and the want of a commanding figure to represent the real republic. It was the personal ascendency of Thiers, followed by that of Gambetta, which established the present republic. But it is long since there has been a true leader in France, which especially requires a striking individuality at the head of affairs, and the discontent bred of the desire to try conclusions again with Germany has seized upon Boulanger, a military figure, as its representative, and the cheers for him are none the less ardent and vociferous because the loudest cheerer could not explain what they signify.

His condemnation by the Senate could not fail to deepen the feeling for him, and Boulangerism would then come to mean implacable hostility to the present government and a revision of the constitution, with what results no one can foresee. There is really nothing in the condition of the country to justify a revolution. But the excitability of the French nature does not reason, and the vast majority which declared for Louis Napoleon because of his name and the Napoleon tradition might readily pronounce for Boulanger and the restoration of the glory of France. It is by plunging into deep water that boys learn to swim, and it is by the practice of free institutions that conservative habits of freedom are acquired. It is a tremendous experiment, because freedom may suffer in the struggle, as it did in the old Revolution and under Napoleon. The Latin races have always lacked the essential quality which makes popular institutions practicable and permanent, namely, the consciousness that constitutions are defences of the rights of minorities. These races tend to substitute the despotism of a majority for that of a man, until at last a king seems to be preferable to a convention dominated by a few clever assassins. There has been enough progress in France, however, to make a figure like Boulanger less sinister than formerly. Indeed, as one reads of him, the involuntary refrain is piff, paff, pouf!

A VALUABLE REPORT.

We ought sooner to have mentioned the Sixth Report of the Civil Service Commission of the State of New York, which contains a detailed and exceedingly interesting statement of its work. The whole number of persons in the State subject to the regulations is 15,482, of which 12,263 are in the municipal service, and of these 7240 are in the city of New York. The reports from the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Syracuse, Auburn, and Utica are all strongly commendatory of the reformed system. If in any city the authorities are indifferent or negligent in enforcing the regulations, any tax-payer may bring an action in the Supreme Court to compel compliance with the law, and the action of the courts in such cases shows that the payment of salaries to officers who have not been appointed in accordance with the rules will be forbidden.

The report contains brief abstracts of the city reports, which contain valuable testimony to the excellent results of the reformed system. For the first time a complete roster of employés in the civil service of the State has been prepared. The rights of Union soldiers under the law are treated at some length and in a friendly spirit. The Commission proposes a special eligible list for the principal departments of the State government and the proper compensation of examiners. They also urge that the benefits to the State derived from the organized service would justify more liberal appropriations for the execution of the statutes and regulations. An ingenious calculation estimates the advantage to the service at five per cent. of the salaries paid, or about six hundred thousand dollars, while the total cost of the civil service administration, State and municipal, is less than one hundred thousand, or less than one per cent. of the amount expended for salaries.

The Commission state that the reform has made steady and sure progress during the year, and in the popular phrase they say that they believe it has come to stay. Their report is a very pleasant and encouraging addition to the tributes to the great practical benefit of the reform, which is its best and surest plea.

HOW TO DO GOOD.

The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, a branch of the State Charities Aid Association, whose pious and beautiful work we commend annually to our readers, makes its periodical appeal. It is not made because public interest in its labors declines, but merely to remind its friends that the good work still continues, and that their good intentions toward the sick and suffering are fulfilled. There are fifty pauper, penal, and charitable institutions, containing more than thirteen thousand persons, to whom these ladies—each one a potential Florence Nightingale—minister. They ask of us all kinds of literature which we will spare—illustrated papers, magazines, reviews, novels, biographies, histories in English, French, German, or Italian; and pictures and old or new Christmas, New Year's, and Easter cards for the crippled and feeble-minded children at Randall's Island. Those who do it to the least of these do it to the greatest of all.

Packages should be sent, express paid, to 21 University Place, New York.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.

An exceedingly pleasant and significant incident is the manner in which the neighbors of the newly appointed Assistant United States Treasurer at New York, Mr. Ellis H. Roberts, became his pecuniary sponsors. The Treasurer gives bonds in the sum of four hundred thousand dollars, and in this instance he was a partisan editor in Utica. But citizens of every party and occupation willingly engaged for the necessary amount, thus certifying the absolute confidence and high respect in which he is held by his fellow-citizens. It is an interesting fact as showing how factitious is much of the fury of political difference, and it suggests that a tone of discussion which more exactly represents the real feeling would be very much more serviceable to the party cause. If the readers of party organs were not constantly compelled to remember that the adjectives are mainly Pickwickian and the statements wholly distorted, they would have much less of the feeling of groping in a fog. Happily the fog lifts for a moment when such an incident as we mention occurs.

IN THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

The electoral reform bill passed the Assembly by a strictly party vote, the Republicans unanimously supporting it and the Democrats unanimously opposing it. It had been modified to meet the objections of the Governor in his veto of last year; but meanwhile, undoubtedly at the Governor's suggestion, a bill embodying his views had been prepared for the support of his party. This bill, by permitting candidates and committees to furnish ballots, struck out the essential object of the law. The Senate will probably pass the bill, and the Governor will probably veto it. In that event, the Democratic party in the State must bear the responsibility of the defeat of one of the best of recent measures, designed for no party advantage, but only to secure honest elections.

Assuming the Democratic members fairly to represent their party in New York, its views and methods are typified by Governor Hill, and justify the criticisms of the Republicans. The party at the late election proved its preference of Governor Hill to Mr. Cleveland—a fact which illuminates the political situation. The vote in the Legislature upon the ballot reform bill will be followed by that upon the excise bill, which will be equally significant of the Democratic feeling and tendency. Mr. Greeley used to describe the saloons, then less euphoniously called groggeries and rum-shops, as nurseries of the Democracy. Since his day the liquor interest has become a more powerful and dangerous political force, and it naturally commands even more implicitly the subservience of its old ally.

Upon the question of ballot reform the young Republican reformers have been able to carry their party, so that it is practically a party measure. Upon the question of license, however, there is not a definite Republican position. If it were a party measure there would be no doubt of the passage of an honest high-license bill in a Republican Legislature. But not only is there doubt, but there is a suspicion that the bill has been amended purposely to imperil its passage. In fact it is impossible to credit the Republicans with all the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism in the country. Sensible men naturally look at the quality of measures, and not at the party label attached to them. But such a vote as that of the Democrats upon the ballot reform bill certainly gives great significance to the label.

PERSONAL.

M. Michel Eugène Chevreul, the distinguished French chemist, who would have completed his one-hundred-and-third year had he lived till August 31st, has just died in Paris. His investigations were principally confined to colors as they pertained to dyeing or the arts, and he published a number of scientific works, besides contributing to many other publications. His intellect was unimpaired to the last, and so devoted to his studies was he that they were pursued in his bedroom after he was unable to leave it. He belonged to numerous scientific societies in France and other countries, and many honors were conferred on him. His diet was always simple, and he never drank spirituous liquors or smoked. M. Chevreul's acquaintance with the political changes of his country dated back to the time of Louis XVI., and he was full of recollections of the Revolution and the periods that followed.

—Count Lyof N. Tolstoï, having found himself much pleased with a little volume, entitled *Jesus and the Men about Him*, by the Rev. Charles F. Dole, of Boston, has expressed his wish to have it translated into Russian. Count Tolstoï is interested in a great scheme for providing the people of Russia with the best literature at the lowest possible price.

—Colonel Edward A. Chittenden, of St. Albans, Vermont, the new President of the Sons of the Revolution in that State, is a great-grandson of Governor Thomas Chittenden, the eminent Revolutionary statesman and patriot.

—The new assistant pastor of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn is to be Rev. Howard S. Bliss, who is completing his theological studies in Europe. He is a son of the well-known missionary to Syria, and was preparing to follow in the footsteps of his father, when Dr. Abbott persuaded him to try home work for a while. His salary is to be $2500 a year, it is understood, while the pastor is to be paid $8000 from October 1st.

—Baron Erlanger, the Paris banker and railroad magnate, is making his first visit to this country. He comes to study the railroad systems, particularly those of the South, in which he is largely interested.

—Mrs. Wilson, keeper of the Lime Rock Light-house, at Newport, Rhode Island, and better known as Ida Lewis, the Grace Darling of America, has added another to the long list of lives she has saved in Newport Harbor. Her uncle, Henry Lewis, seventy years old, fell overboard from a skiff near the light-house, when she put out in her boat and rescued him.

—All who have enjoyed the perennial and characteristic humor of the late Philip H. Welch will be glad to know that the memorial fund which has been started to provide for the education of his children has already attained respectable proportions, and that subscriptions come from all parts of the country to testify to the public appreciation of gifts exercised under the shadow of a lingering and fatal disease. The treasurer of the movement is Mr. Edward P. Clark, editorial room of the *Evening Post*, New York, and among the many thousands to whom Mr. Welch's work has given pleasure there must be not a few who still desire to add something to the fund dedicated to his memory.

—General Sherman's only son, Thomas Ewing, is to become a Jesuit priest next summer.

—A Belfast (Maine) woman has entered a machine-shop to learn the trade, and proves a remarkably apt apprentice.

—John Bright left a large fortune, variously estimated at from $1,250,000 to $3,750,000.

—Miss Ethel Huxley, daughter of the great scientist, is engaged to Hon. J. Collier, her dead sister's husband; but as marriage to a deceased wife's sister is prohibited in England, the wedding will take place in Christiania, Norway.

—Mrs. Hiram Lane, of Bath County, Kentucky, a cousin of Robert Burns, died recently at the age of eighty-four years. She could and did write poetry, but never allowed it to be published.

—Madame De Barrios, widow of the Central American dictator, who was suddenly taken off in one of the revolutions which frequently upheave that section, now lives in New York, and is one of the prettiest women in the city. She is thirty-three years old, the mother of seven children, and has a fortune of $7,000,000, the result of careful investments by her husband in this country and France.

—"Josh" Ward, once the single-scull champion of America, keeps a little bar in Cornwall, New York. Of his brothers, who with him formed the famous four-oared crew that won the world's championship in 1871, "Gil" also lives in Cornwall, and gets his living by fishing and other work, "Hank" lets out boats at Sing Sing, and Ellis makes oars and trains crews at Philadelphia.

—State Senator Carter, of Macon County, Tennessee, was recently married in the Senate-Chamber at Nashville, Governor Taylor performing the ceremony. A special act of the Legislature gave him these unusual privileges, and both Houses were present to see that no mistakes were made.

—An eventful life has been ended by the death of Lewis Hayden, of Boston, one of the most influential colored men in the Bay State. He was born a slave in Lexington, Kentucky, was sold when a boy for a pair of horses, and afterward passed through the hands of several prominent families. In 1844 he escaped from the State with his wife, and six months later reached Canada. Then he went to Boston, found a friend in John A. Andrew, and remained there to render such assistance as he could to slaves passing through on the underground railroad. To him John Brown told the secret plan of his Virginia campaign, which was modified afterward, however. It was at his suggestion, through Governor Andrew, that President Lincoln issued his call for colored troops, and Vice-President Wilson, Senator Sumner, and other Massachusetts statesmen placed great reliance on his judgment in questions concerning the negroes. Mr. Hayden was the first colored man in the United States to be made an honorary member of the Grand Army, the death of his son in a naval engagement under Admiral Farragut giving him that distinction. He was also a prominent Mason. Mr. Hayden built up a successful clothing business, but lost all his property in the panic of 1857. He was then made a messenger in the State Department of Boston, and held the place up to the time of his death.

RUSSIA'S FUTURE CZAR.

STROLLING through the market square of Copenhagen one fine May morning in 1868, I found a laughing group gathered around a grotesque drawing of a baby held up to an open window before a shouting crowd, with its face half buried in a bear-skin cap, and a military uniform flapping loosely around its tiny body—this sketch being entitled "The New Colonel of the Russian Imperial Guard." The Danish princess whose marriage to the then Czarowitz I had witnessed in the previous autumn had given an heir to the Russian crown (the same whose coming of age is now being celebrated), and his appointment to a Colonelcy in the Guard within a few days of his birth amused the honest Danes not a little.

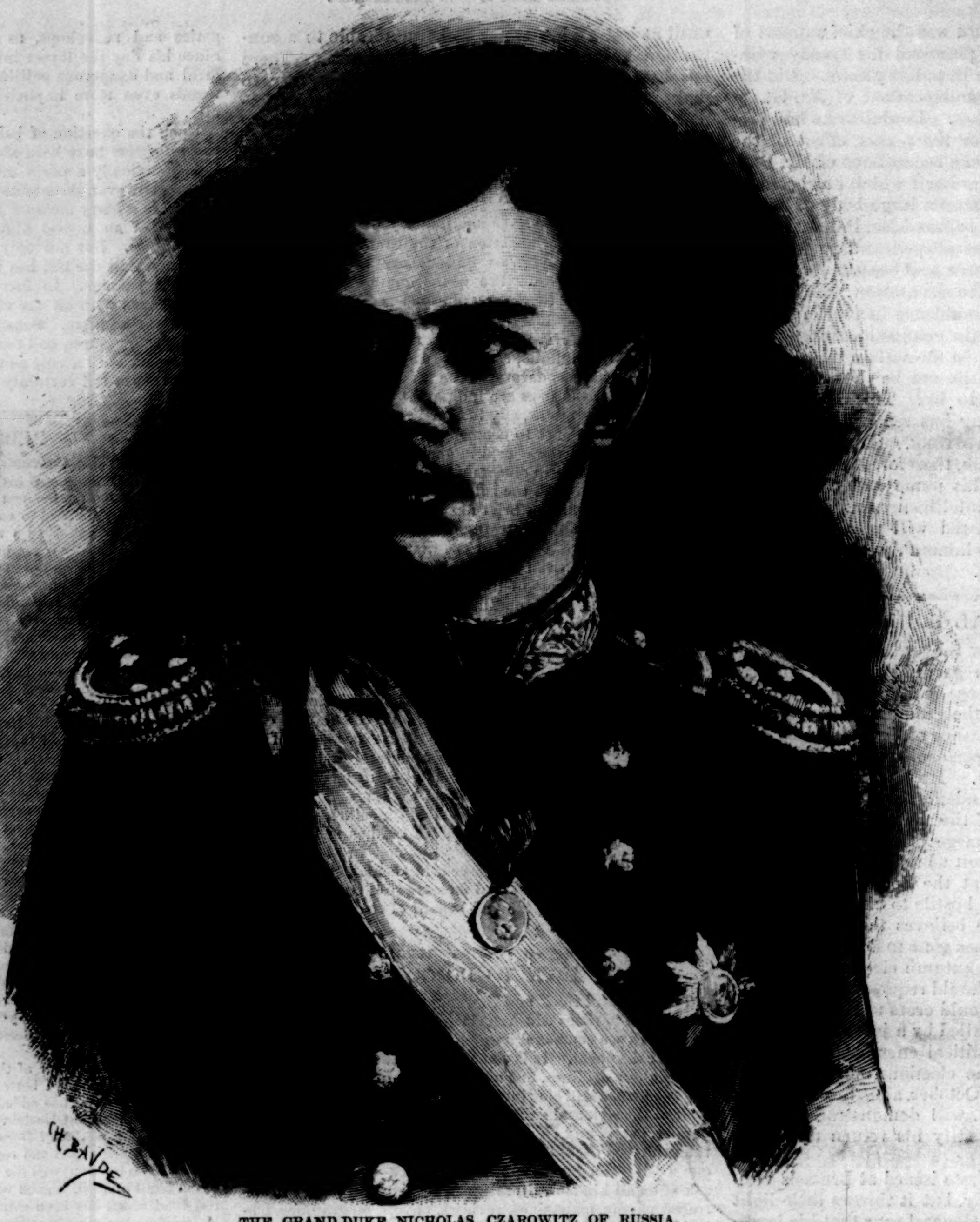
A satirist might have seen in that picture of the heavy grenadier cap weighing down the poor little head a bitter parable of the military nightmare that oppressed Russia; and in truth the imperial child might well seem consecrated to war from the very day of his birth, for on that day was fought, thousands of miles away, the great battle that added all Central Asia to the Russian Empire.

The name of NICHOLAS has always portended evil to the house of ROMANOFF. The first that bore it was he whose grasping ambition brought down upon Russia the blasting vengeance of the Crimean war. From him it descended to his third son, the nominal commander-in-chief of the Russian forces, whose first battle was the crushing defeat of Inkerman, and who has since been more celebrated for low debauchery than for high courage. The luckless name fared equally ill at the hands of his cousin NIKOLAI KONSTANTINOVITCH, the handsome, weak-looking lad whom I saw in the ranks of the Russian "flying column" before Khiva—branded even then with a stigma worse than death. Not less ill-omened was the heir-apparent's title of "Czarowitz" (literally "son of the king"), first borne by the ill-fated son of IVAN the Terrible, whom his own father murdered in a fit of groundless rage.

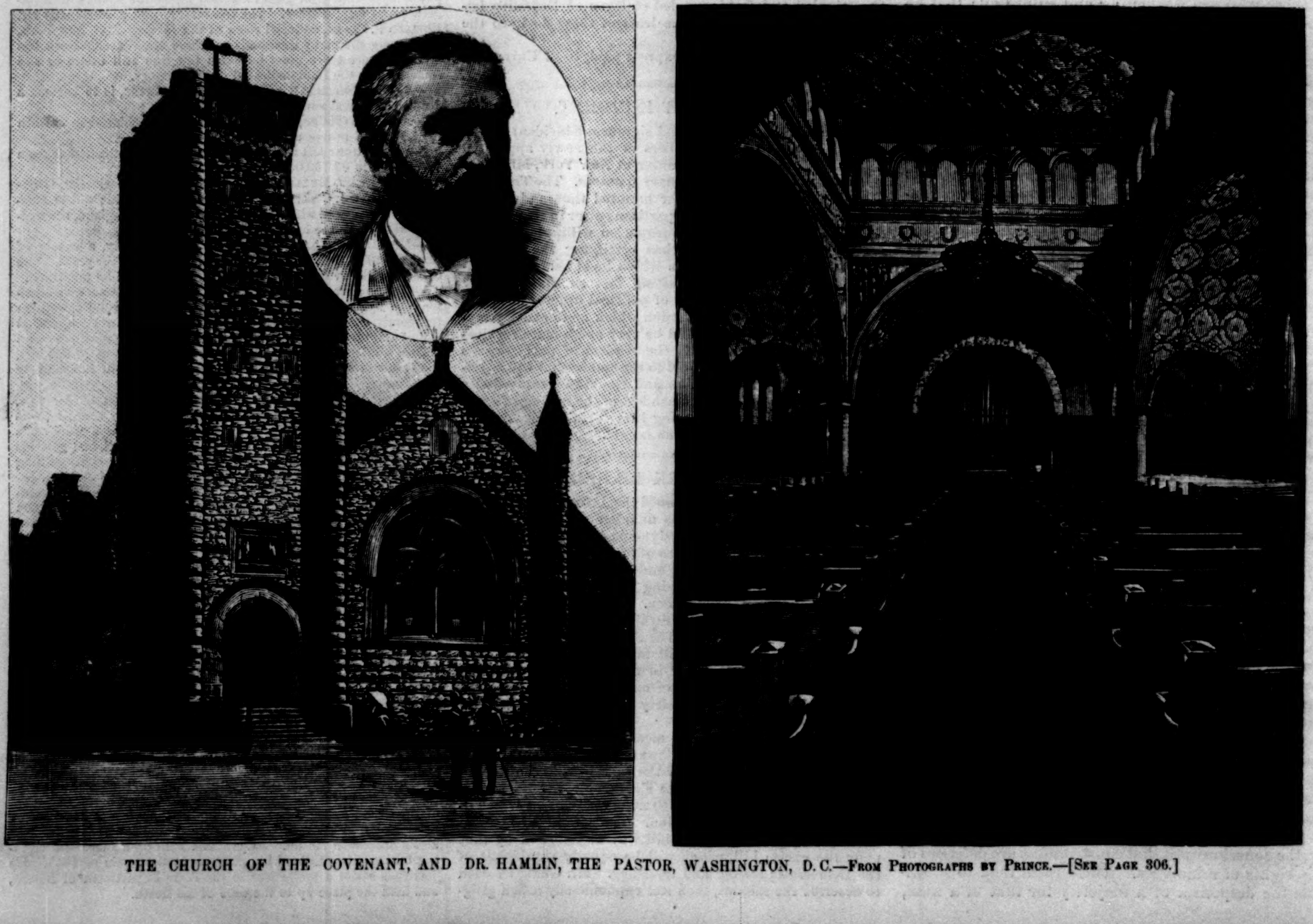
When I used to see the future Czar as a child in the palace garden of Tsarskoe-Selo (sixteen miles from St. Petersburg), it was hard to realize, despite the respectful salute with which all passers-by greeted him, that all the might and majesty of Russia would one day centre in this quiet little fellow, whose pale, delicate face, with its long silky hair and large wistful eyes, contrasted strikingly with the bull-dog jaw and heavy "prize-fighter" features of his grim father. He seemed already weighed down by the burden of the dreary grandeur that awaited him, for he played with little spirit, and always wore a strangely grave, preoccupied look.

But in truth the events that were the mile-stones of his life journey might well make any one grave. His third year saw the explosion of a conspiracy that shook all Russia. His seventh witnessed two determined attempts upon the life of his grandfather, the reigning Czar. Several of the courtiers that fêted his ninth birthday were just starting for the seat of a war which cost ninety thousand Russian lives. He was still a boy when his grandfather fell murdered in open day before his own palace. The same traitorous hands have since been repeatedly uplifted against the life of his father, and have smitten down more than one of his own personal friends and attendants; and less than six months ago the mysterious railway "accident" (if such it were) near Borki came within a hair's-breadth of destroying the whole imperial household at one blow.

DAVID KER.



THE GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS, CZAROWITZ OF RUSSIA.



THE CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, AND DR. HAMLIN, THE PASTOR, WASHINGTON, D.C.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRINCE.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

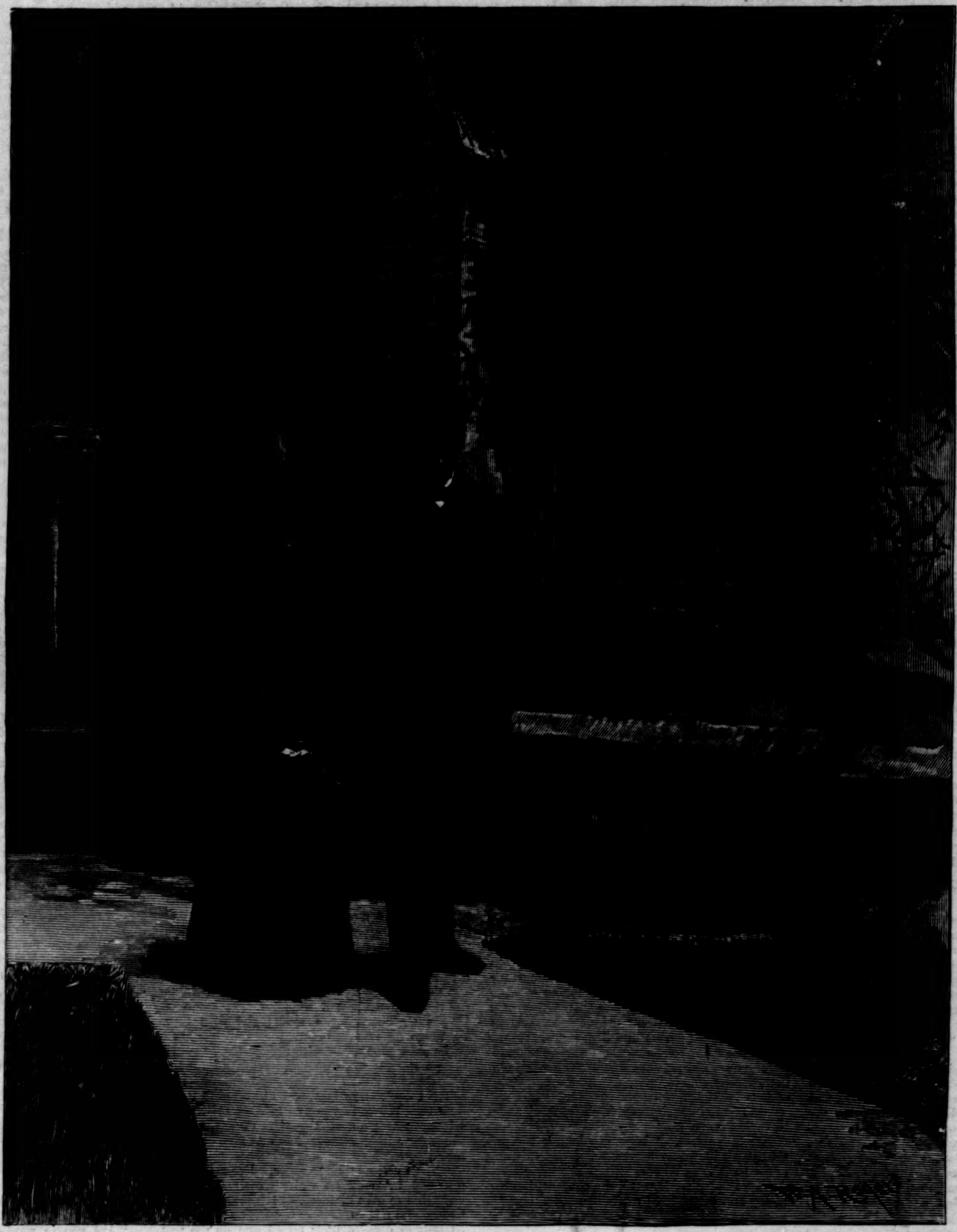
A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

VIII.

MRS. MARCH took the vertebrate with her to the Vienna Coffee-house, where they went to breakfast next morning. She made March buy her the *Herald* and the *World*, and she added to its spiny convolutions from them. She read the new advertisements aloud with ardor, and with faith to believe that the apartments described in them were every one truthfully represented, and that any one of them was richly responsive to their needs. "Elegant, light, large, single, and outside flats" were offered with "all improvements—bath, ice-box, etc."—for $25 and $30 a month. The cheapness was amazing. The Wagram, the Esmeralda, the Jacinth, advertised them for $40 and $60, "with steam heat and elevator," rent free till November. Others, attractive from their air of conscientious scruple, announced "first-class flats; good order; reasonable rents." The Helena asked the reader if she had seen the "cabinet finish, hard-wood floors, and frescoed ceilings" of its $50 flats; the Asteroid affirmed that such apartments, with "six light rooms and bath, porcelain wash-tubs, electric bells, and hall boy," as it offered for $75 were unapproached by competition. There was a sameness in the jargon which tended to confusion. Mrs. March got several flats on her list which promised neither steam heat nor elevators; she forgot herself so far as to include two or three as remote from the down-town region of her choice as Harlem. But after she had rejected these the nondescript vertebrate was still voluminous enough to sustain her buoyant hopes.



"THEY CAME OUT RELUCTANT INTO THE DAZZLE AND BUSTLE OF THE STREET."

The waiter, who remembered them from year to year, had put them at a window giving a pretty good section of Broadway, and before they set out on their search they had a moment of reminiscence. They recalled the Broadway of five, of ten, of twenty years ago, swelling and roaring with a tide of gayly painted omnibuses and of picturesque traffic that the horse-cars have now banished from it. The grind of their wheels and the clash of their harsh bells imperfectly fill the silence that the omnibuses have left, and the eye misses the tumultuous perspective of former times.

They went out and stood for a moment before Grace Church, and looked down the stately thoroughfare, and found it no longer impressive, no longer characteristic. It is still Broadway in name, but now it is like any other street. You do not now take your life in your hand when you attempt to cross it; the Broadway policeman who supported the elbow of timorous beauty in the hollow of his cotton-gloved palm and guided its little fearful boots over the crossing, while he arrested the billowy omnibuses on either side with an imperious glance, is gone, and all that certain processional, barbaric gayety of the place is gone.

"Palmyra, Baalbec, Timour of the Desert," said March, voicing their common feeling of the change.

They turned and went into the beautiful church, and found themselves in time for the matin service. Rapt far from New York, if not from earth, in the dim richness of the painted light, the hallowed music took them with solemn ecstasy; the aerial, aspiring Gothic forms seemed to lift them heavenward. They came out reluctant into the dazzle and bustle of the street, with a feeling that they were too good for it, which they confessed to each other with whimsical consciousness.

"But no matter how consecrated we feel now," he said, "we mustn't forget that we went into the church for precisely the same reason that we went to the Vienna Café for breakfast—to gratify an æsthetic sense, to renew the faded pleasure of travel for a moment, to get back into the Europe of our youth. It was a purely pagan impulse, Isabel, and we'd better own it."

"I don't know," she returned. "I think we reduce ourselves to the bare bones too much. I wish we didn't always recognize the facts as we do. Sometimes I should like to blink them. I should like to think I was devouter than I am, and younger, and prettier."

"Better not; you couldn't keep it up. Honesty is the best policy even in such things."

"No; I don't like it, Basil. I should rather wait till the last day for some of my motives to come to the top. I know they're always mixed, but do let me give them the benefit of a doubt sometimes."

"Well, well, have it your own way, my dear. But I prefer not to lay up so many disagreeable surprises for myself at that time."

She would not consent. "I know I am a good deal younger than I was. I feel quite in the mood of that morning when we walked down Broadway on our wedding journey. Don't you?"

"Oh yes. But I know I'm not younger; I'm only prettier."

She laughed for pleasure in his joke, and also for unconscious joy in the gay New York weather, in which there was no *arrière-pensée* of the east wind. They had crossed Broadway, and were walking over to Washington Square, in the region of which they now hoped to place themselves. The *primo tenore* statue of Garibaldi had not yet taken possession of the place in the name of Latin progress, but they met Italian faces, French faces, Spanish faces, as they strolled over the asphalt walks, under the thinning shadows of the autumn-stricken sycamores. They met the familiar picturesque raggedness of southern Europe with the old kindly illusion that somehow it existed for their appreciation, and that it found adequate compensation for poverty in this. March thought he sufficiently expressed his tacit sympathy in sitting down on one of the iron benches with his wife, and letting a little Neapolitan put a superfluous shine on his boots, while their desultory comment wandered with equal esteem to the old-fashioned American respectability which keeps the north side of the square in vast mansions of red brick, and the international shabbiness which has invaded the southern border, and broken it up into lodging-houses, shops, beer-gardens, and studios.

They noticed the sign of an apartment to let on the north side, and as soon as the little boot-black could be bought off they went over to look at it. The janitor met them at the door and examined them. Then he said, as if still in doubt, "It has ten rooms, and the rent is twenty-eight hundred dollars."

"It wouldn't do, then," March replied, and left him to divide the responsibility between the paucity of the rooms and the enormity of the rent as he best might. But their self-love had received a wound, and they questioned each other what it was in their appearance made him doubt their ability to pay so much.

"Of course we don't look like New-Yorkers," sighed Mrs. March, "and we've walked through the Square. That might be as if we had walked along the Park Street walk in the Common before we came out on Beacon. Do you suppose he could have seen you getting your boots blacked in that way?"

"It's useless to ask," said March. "But I never can recover from this blow."

"Oh pshaw! You know you hate such things as badly as I do. It was very impertinent of him."

"Let us go back, and *écraser l'infâme* by paying him a year's rent in advance and taking immediate possession. Nothing else can soothe my wounded feelings. *You* were not having your boots blacked: why shouldn't he have supposed you were a New-Yorker, and I a country cousin?"

"They always know. Don't you remember Mrs. Williams's going to a Fifth Avenue milliner in a Worth dress, and the woman's asking her instantly what hotel she should send her hat to?"

"Yes; these things drive one to despair. I don't wonder the bodies of so many genteel strangers are found in the waters around New York. Shall we try the south side, my dear? or had we better go back to our rooms and rest awhile?"

Mrs. March had out the vertebrate, and was consulting one of its glittering ribs, and glancing up from it at a house before which they stood. "Yes, it's the number; but do they call *this* being ready October 1st?" The little area in front of the basement was heaped with a mixture of mortar, bricks, laths, and shavings from the interior; the brown-stone steps to the front door were similarly bestrewn; the doorway showed the half-open rough pine carpenter's hatch of an unfinished house; the sashless windows of every story showed the activity of workmen within; the clatter of hammers and the hiss of saws came out to them from every opening.

"They may call it October 1st," said March, "because it's too late to contradict them. But they'd better not call it December 1st in *my* presence; I'll let them say January 1st, at a pinch."

"We will go in and look at it anyway," said his wife; and he admired how, when she was once within, she began provisionally to settle the family in each of the several floors with the female instinct for domiciliation which never failed her. She had the help of the landlord, who was present to urge forward the workmen apparently; he lent a hopeful fancy to the solution of all her questions. To get her from under his influence, March had to represent that the place was damp from undried plastering, and that if she staid she would probably be down with that New York pneumonia which visiting Bostonians are always dying of. Once safely on the pavement outside, she realized that the apartment was not only unfinished, but unfurnished, and had neither steam heat nor elevator. "But I thought we had better look at everything," she explained.

"Yes, but not take everything. If I hadn't pulled you away from there by main force you'd have not only died of New York pneumonia on the spot, but you'd have had us all settled there before we knew what we were about."

"Well, that's what I can't help, Basil. It's the only way I can realize whether it will do for us. I have to dramatize the whole thing."

She got a deal of pleasure as well as excitement out of this, and he had to own that the process of setting up house-keeping in so many different places was not only entertaining, but tended, through association with their first beginnings in house-keeping, to restore the image of their early married days, and to make them young again.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1688.

It went on all day, and continued far into the night, until it was too late to go to the theatre, too late to do anything but tumble into bed and simultaneously fall on sleep. They groaned over their reiterated disappointments, but they could not deny that the interest was unfailing, and that they got a great deal of fun out of it all. Nothing could abate Mrs. March's faith in her advertisements. One of them sent her to a flat of ten rooms which promised to be the solution of all their difficulties; it proved to be over a livery-stable, a liquor store, and a milliner's shop, none of the first fashion. Another led them far into old Greenwich Village to an apartment-house, which she refused to enter behind a small girl with a loaf of bread under one arm and a quart can of milk under the other.

In their search they were obliged, as March complained, to the acquisition of useless information in a degree unequalled in their experience. They came to excel in the sad knowledge of the line at which respectability distinguishes itself from shabbiness. Flattering advertisements took them to numbers of huge apartment-houses chiefly distinguishable from tenement-houses by the absence of fire-escapes on their façades, till Mrs. March refused to stop at any door where there were more than six bell-ratchets and speaking-tubes on either hand. Before the middle of the afternoon she decided against ratchets altogether, and confined herself to knobs neatly set in the door-trim. Her husband was still sunk in the superstition that you can live anywhere you like in New York, and he would have paused at some places where her quicker eye caught the fatal sign of "Modes" in the ground-floor windows. She found that there was an east and west line beyond which they could not go if they wished to keep their self-respect, and that within the region to which they had restricted themselves there was a choice of streets. At first all the New York streets looked to them ill paved, dirty, and repulsive; the general infamy imparted itself in their casual impression to streets in no wise guilty. But they began to notice that some streets were quiet and clean, and though never so quiet and clean as Boston streets, that they wore an air of encouraging reform, and suggested a future of greater and greater domesticity. Whole blocks of these down-town cross streets seemed to have been redeemed from decay, and even in the midst of squalor a dwelling here and there had been seized, painted a dull red as to its brick-work, and a glossy black as to its wood-work, and with a bright brass bell-pull and door-knob and a large brass plate for its key-hole escutcheon, had been endowed with an effect of purity and pride which removed its shabby neighborhood far from it.

Some of these houses were quite small, and imaginably within their means; but, as March said, somebody seemed always to be living there himself, and the fact that none of them were to rent kept Mrs. March true to her ideal of a flat. Nothing prevented its realization so much as its difference from the New York ideal of a flat, which was inflexibly seven rooms and a bath. One or two rooms might be at the front, the rest crooked and cornered backward through increasing and then decreasing darkness till they reached a light bedroom or kitchen at the rear. It might be the one or the other, but it was always the seventh room with the bath; or if, as sometimes happened, it was the eighth, it was so after having counted the bath as one. In this case the janitor said you always counted the bath as one. If the flats were advertised as having "all light rooms," he explained that any room with a window giving into the open air of a court or shaft was counted a light room.

The Marches tried to make out why it was that these flats were so much more repulsive than the apartments which every one lived in abroad; but they could do so only upon the supposition that in their European days they were too young, too happy, too full of the future, to notice whether rooms were inside or outside, light or dark, big or little, high or low. "Now we're imprisoned in the present," he said, "and we have to make the worst of it."

In their despair he had an inspiration, which she declared worthy of him: it was to take two small flats, of four or five rooms and a bath, and live in both. They tried this in a great many places; but they never could get two flats of the kind on the same floor where there were steam heat and an elevator. At one place they almost did it. They had resigned themselves to the humility of the neighborhood, to the prevalence of modistes and livery-stablemen (they seem to consort much in New York), to the garbage in the gutters and the litter of paper in the streets, to the faltering slats in the surrounding window-shutters and the crumbled brown-stone steps and sills, when it turned out that one of the apartments had been taken between two visits they made. Then the only combination left open to them was of a ground-floor flat to the right and a third-floor flat to the left.

Still they kept this inspiration in reserve for use at the first opportunity. In the mean time there were several flats which they thought they could almost make do: notably one where they could get an extra servant's room in the basement four flights down, and another where they could get it in the roof five flights up. At the first the janitor was respectful and enthusiastic; at the second he had an effect of ironical pessimism. When they trembled on the verge of taking his apartment, he pointed out a spot in the kalsomining of the parlor ceiling, and gratuitously said, Now such a thing as that he should not agree to put in shape unless they took the apartment for a term of years. The apartment was unfurnished, and they recurred to the fact that they wanted a furnished apartment, and made their escape. This saved them in several other extremities; but short of extremity they could not keep their different requirements in mind, and were always about to decide without regard to some one of them.

They went to several places twice without intending: once to that old-fashioned house with the pleasant colored janitor, and wandered all over the apartment again with a haunting sense of familiarity, and then recognized the janitor and laughed; and to that house with the pathetic widow and the pretty daughter who wished to take them to board. They staid to excuse their blunder, and easily came by the fact that the mother had taken the house that the girl might have a home while she was in New York studying art, and they hoped to pay their way by taking boarders. Her daughter was at her class now, the mother concluded; and they encouraged her to believe that it could only be a few days till the rest of her scheme was realized.

"I dare say we could be perfectly comfortable there," March suggested when they had got away. "Now if we were truly humane, we would modify our desires to meet their needs, and end this sickening search, wouldn't we?"

"Yes; but we're *not* truly humane," his wife answered, "or at least not in that sense. You know you hate boarding; and if we went there I should have them on my sympathies the whole time."

"I see. And then you would take it out of me."

"Then I should take it out of you. And if you are going to be so weak, Basil, and let every little thing work upon you in that way, you'd better not come to New York. You'll see enough misery here."

"Well, don't take that superior tone with me, as if I were a child that had its mind set on an undesirable toy, Isabel."

"Ah, don't you suppose it's because you *are* such a child in some respects that I like you, dear?" she demanded, without relenting.

"But I don't find so much misery in New York. I don't suppose there's any more suffering here to the population than there is in the country. And they're so gay about it all. I think the outward aspect of the place and the hilarity of the sky and air must get into the people's blood. The weather is simply unapproachable; and I don't care if it is the ugliest place in the world, as you say. I suppose it is. It shrieks and yells with ugliness here and there; but it never loses its spirits. That widow is from the country. When she's been a year in New York she'll be as gay—as gay as an L road." He celebrated a satisfaction they both had in the L roads. "They kill the streets and avenues; but at least they partially hide them, and that is some comfort; and they do triumph over their prostrate forms with a savage exultation that is intoxicating. Those bends in the L that you get at the corner of Washington Square, and just below the Cooper Institute—they're the gayest things in the world. Perfectly atrocious, of course, but incomparably picturesque! And the whole city is so," said March, "or else the L would never have got built here. New York may be splendidly gay or squalidly gay, but, prince or pauper, it's gay always."

"Yes, gay is the word," she admitted, with a sigh. "But frantic. I can't get used to it. They forget death, Basil: they forget death in New York."

"Well, I don't know that I've ever found much advantage in remembering it."

"Don't say such a thing, dearest."

He could see that she had got to the end of her nervous strength for the present, and he proposed that they should take the elevated road as far as it would carry them into the country, and shake off their nightmare of flat-hunting for an hour or two; but her conscience would not let her. She convicted him of levity equal to that of the New-Yorkers in proposing such a thing; and they dragged through the day. She was too tired to care for dinner, and in the night she had a dream from which she woke herself with a cry that roused him too. It was something about the children at first, whom they had talked of wistfully before falling asleep, and then it was of a hideous thing with two square eyes and a series of sections growing darker and then lighter, till the tail of the monstrous articulate was quite luminous again. She shuddered at the vague description she was able to give; but he asked, "Did it offer to bite you?"

"No. That was the most frightful thing about it: it had no mouth."

March laughed. "Why, my dear, it was nothing but a harmless New York flat—seven rooms and a bath."

"I really believe it was," she consented, recognizing an architectural resemblance, and she fell asleep again, and woke renewed for the work before them.

IX.

Their house-hunting no longer had novelty, but it still had interest; and they varied their day by taking a coupé, by renouncing advertisements, and by reverting to agents. Some of these induced them to consider the idea of furnished houses; and Mrs. March learned tolerance for Fulkerson by accepting permits to visit flats and houses which had none of the qualifications she desired in either, and were as far beyond her means as they were out of the region to which she had geographically restricted herself. They looked at three thousand and four thousand dollar apartments, and rejected them for one reason or another which had nothing to do with the rent; the higher the rent was, the more critical they were of the slippery inlaid floors and the arrangement of the richly decorated rooms. They never knew whether they had deceived the janitor or not; as they came in a coupé, they hoped they had.

They drove accidentally through one street that seemed gayer in the perspective than an L road. The fire-escapes, with their light iron balconies and ladders of iron, decorated the lofty house fronts; the roadway and sidewalks and door-steps swarmed with children; women's heads seemed to show at every window. In the basements, over which flights of high stone steps led to the tenements, were green-grocers' shops abounding in cabbages, and provision stores running chiefly to bacon and sausages, and cobblers' and tinners' shops, and the like, in proportion to the small needs of a poor neighborhood. Ash barrels lined the sidewalks and garbage heaps filled the gutters; teams of all trades stood idly about; a peddler of cheap fruit urged his cart through the street, and mixed his cry with the joyous screams and shouts of the children and the scolding and gossiping voices of the women; the burly blue bulk of a policeman defined itself at the corner; a drunkard zigzagged down the sidewalk toward him. It was not the abode of the extremest poverty, but of a poverty as hopeless as any in the world, transmitting itself from generation to generation, and establishing conditions of permanency to which human life adjusts itself as it does to those of some incurable disease, like leprosy.

The time had been when the Marches would have taken a purely æsthetic view of the facts as they glimpsed them in this street of tenement-houses; when they would have contented themselves with saying that it was as picturesque as a street in Naples or Florence, and with wondering why nobody came to paint it; they would have thought they were sufficiently serious about it in blaming the artists for their failure to appreciate it, and going abroad for the picturesque when they had it here under their noses. It was to the nose that the street made one of its strongest appeals, and Mrs. March pulled up her window of the coupé. "Why does he take us through such a disgusting street?" she demanded, with an exasperation of which her husband divined the origin.

"This driver may be a philanthropist in disguise," he answered, with dreamy irony, "and may want us to think about the people who are not merely carried through this street in a coupé, but have to spend their whole lives in it; winter and summer, with no hopes of driving out of it, except in a hearse. I must say they don't seem to mind it. I haven't seen a jollier crowd anywhere in New York. They seem to have forgotten death a little more completely than any of their fellow-citizens, Isabel. And I wonder what they think of us, making this gorgeous progress through their midst? I suppose they think we're rich, and hate us—if they hate rich people; they don't look as if they hated anybody. Should we be as patient as they are with their discomfort? I don't believe there's steam heat or an elevator in the whole block. Seven rooms and a bath would be more than the largest and genteelest family would know what to do with. They wouldn't know what to do with the bath anyway."

His monologue seemed to interest his wife apart from the satirical point it had for themselves. "You ought to get Mr. Fulkerson to let you work some of these New York sights up for *Every Other Week*, Basil; you could do them very nicely."

"Yes; I've thought of that. But don't let's leave the personal ground. Doesn't it make you feel rather small and otherwise unworthy when you see the kind of street these fellow-beings of yours live in, and then think how particular you are about locality and the number of bell-pulls? I don't see even ratchets and speaking-tubes at these doors." He craned his neck out of the window for a better look, and the children of discomfort cheered him, out of sheer good feeling and high spirits. "I didn't know I was so popular. Perhaps it's a recognition of my humane sentiments."

"Oh, it's very easy to have humane sentiments, and to satirize ourselves for wanting eight rooms and a bath in a good neighborhood, when we see how these wretched creatures live," said his wife. "But if we shared all we have with them, and then settled down among them, what good would it do?"

"Not the least in the world. It might help us for the moment, but it wouldn't keep the wolf from their doors for a week; and then they would go on just as before, only they wouldn't be on such good terms with the wolf. The only way for them is to keep up an unbroken intimacy with the wolf; then they can manage him somehow. I don't know how, and I'm afraid I don't want to. Wouldn't you like to have this fellow drive us round among the halls of pride somewhere for a little while? Fifth Avenue or Madison, uptown?"

"No; we've no time to waste. I've got a place near Third Avenue, on a nice cross street, and I want him to take us there." It proved that she had several addresses near together, and it seemed best to dismiss their coupé and do the rest of their afternoon's work on foot. It came to nothing; she was not humbled in the least by what she had seen in the tenement-house street; she yielded no point in her ideal of a flat, and the flats persistently refused to lend themselves to it. She lost all patience with them.

"Oh, I don't say the flats are in the right of it," said her husband, when she denounced their stupid inadequacy to the purposes of a Christian home. "But I'm not so sure that we are either. I've been thinking about that home business ever since my sensibilities were dragged—in a coupé—through that tenement-house street. Of course no child born and brought up in such a place as that could have any conception of home. But that's because those poor people can't give character to their habitations. They have to take what they can get. But people like us—that is, of our means—do give character to the average flat. It's made to meet their tastes, or their supposed tastes; and so it's made for social show, not for family life at all. Think of a baby in a flat! It's a contradiction in terms: the flat is the negation of motherhood. The flat means society life; that is, the pretence of social life. It's made to give artificial people a society basis on a little money—too much money, of course, for what they get. So the cost of the building is put into marble halls and idiotic decoration of all kinds. I don't object to the conveniences, but none of these flats have a living-room. They have drawing-rooms to foster social pretence, and they have dining-rooms and bedrooms; but they have no room where the family can all come together and feel the sweetness of being a family. The bedrooms are black holes mostly, with a sinful waste of space in each. If it were not for the marble halls, and the decorations, and the foolishly expensive finish, the houses could be built round a court, and the flats could be shaped something like a Pompeiian house, with small sleeping-closets—only lit from the outside—and the rest of the floor thrown into two or three large cheerful halls, where all the family life could go on, and society could be transacted unpretentiously. Why, those tenements are better and humaner than these flats! There the whole family lives in the kitchen, and has its consciousness of being; but the flat abolishes the family consciousness. It's confinement without coziness; it's cluttered without being snug. You couldn't keep a self-respecting cat in a flat; you couldn't go down cellar to get cider. No: the Anglo-Saxon home, as we know it in the Anglo-Saxon house, is simply impossible in the Franco-American flat—not because it's humble, but because it's false."

"Well, then," said Mrs. March, "let's look at houses."

He had been denouncing the flat in the abstract, and he had not expected this concrete result. But he said, "We will look at houses, then."

X.

Nothing mystifies a man more than a woman's aberrations from some point at which he supposes her fixed as a star. In these unfurnished houses, without steam or elevator, March followed his wife about with patient wonder. She rather liked the worst of them best; but she made him go down into the cellars and look at the furnaces; she exacted from him a rigid inquest of the plumbing. She followed him into one of the cellars by the fitful glare of successively lighted matches, and they enjoyed a moment in which the anomaly of their presence there on that errand, so remote from all the facts of their long-stablished life in Boston, realized itself for them.

"Think how easily we might have been murdered, and nobody been any the wiser!" she said when they were comfortably out-doors again.

"Yes, or made way with ourselves in an access of emotional insanity, supposed to have been induced by unavailing flat-hunting," he suggested.

She fell in with the notion. "I'm beginning to *feel* crazy. But I don't want *you* to lose your head, Basil. And I don't want you to sentimentalize any of the things you see in New York. I think you were disposed to do it in that street we drove through. I don't believe there's any *real* suffering—not real *suffering*—among those people; that is, it would be suffering from our point of view, but they've been used to it all their lives, and they don't feel their discomfort so much."

"Of course I understand that, and I don't propose to sentimentalize them. I think when people get used to a bad state of things they had better stick to it; in fact they don't usually like a better state so well, and I shall keep that firmly in mind."

She laughed with him, and they walked along the L-bestridden avenue, exhilarated by their escape from murder and suicide in that cellar, toward the nearest cross-town track, which they meant to take home to their hotel. "Now to-night we will go to the theatre," she said, "and get this whole house business out of our minds, and be perfectly fresh for a new start in the morning." Suddenly she clutched his arm. "Why, did you *see* that man?" and she signed with her head toward a decently dressed person who walked beside them, next the gutter, stooping over as if to examine it, and half halting at times.

"No. What?"

"Why, I saw him pick up a dirty bit of cracker from the pavement and cram it into his mouth and eat it down as if he were famished. And look! he's actually hunting for more in those garbage heaps!"

This was what the decent-looking man with the hard hands and broken nails of a workman was doing—like a hungry dog. They kept up with him, in the fascination of the sight, to the next corner, where he turned down the side street, still searching the gutter.

They walked on a few paces. Then March said, "I must go after him," and left his wife standing.

"Are you in want—hungry?" he asked the man.

The man said he could not speak English, monsieur.

March asked his question in French.

The man shrugged a pitiful, desperate shrug. "Mais, monsieur—"

March put a coin in his hand, and then suddenly the man's face twisted up; he caught the hand of this alms-giver in both of his, and clung to it. "Monsieur! monsieur!" he gasped, and the tears rained down his face.

His benefactor pulled himself away, shocked and ashamed, as one is by such a chance, and got back to his wife; and the man lapsed back into the mystery of misery out of which he had emerged.

March felt it laid upon him to console his wife for what had happened. "Of course we might live here for years and not see another case like that; and of course there are twenty places where he could have gone for help if he had known where to find them."

"Ah, but it's the possibility of his needing the help so badly as that!" she answered. "That's what I can't bear, and I shall not come to a place where such things are possible, and we may as well stop our house-hunting here at once."

"Yes? And what part of Christendom will you live in? Such things are possible everywhere in our conditions."

"Then we must change the conditions."

"Oh no; we must go to the theatre and forget them. We can stop at Brentano's for our tickets as we pass through Union Square."

"I am not going to the theatre, Basil. I am going home to Boston to-night. You can stay and find a flat."

He convinced her of the absurdity of her position, and even of its selfishness; but she said that her mind was quite made up irrespective of what had happened; that she had been away from the children long enough; that she ought to be at home to finish up the work of leaving it. The word brought a sigh. "Ah, I don't know why we should see nothing but sad and ugly things now. When we were young—"

"Younger," he put in. "We're still young."

"That's what we pretend, but we know better. But I was thinking how pretty and pleasant things used to be turning up all the time on our travels in the old days. Why, when we were in New York here on our wedding journey the place didn't seem half so dirty as it does now, and none of these dismal things happened."

"It was a good deal dirtier," he answered; "and I fancy worse in every way—hungrier, raggeder, more wretchedly housed. But that wasn't the period of life for us to notice it. Don't you remember, when we started to Niagara the last time, how everybody seemed middle-aged and commonplace; and when we got there there were no evident brides; nothing but elderly married people?"

"At least they weren't starving," she rebelled.

"No; you don't starve in parlor cars and first-class hotels; but if you step out of them you run your chance of seeing those who do, if you're getting on pretty well in the forties. If it's the unhappy who see unhappiness, think what misery must be revealed to people who pass their lives in the really squalid tenement-house streets—I don't mean picturesque avenues like that we passed through."

"But we are *not* unhappy," she protested, bringing the talk back to the personal base again, as women must to get any good out of talk. "We're really no unhappier than we were when we were young."

"We're more serious."

"Well, I hate it; and I wish you *wouldn't* be so serious, if that's what it brings us to."

"I will be trivial from this on," said March. "Shall we go to the *Hole in the Ground* to-night?"

"I am going to Boston."

"It's much the same thing. How do you like that for triviality? It's a little blasphemous, I'll allow."

"It's very silly," she said.

At the hotel they found a letter from the agent who had sent them the permit to see Mrs. Grosvenor Green's apartment. He wrote that she had heard they were pleased with her apartment, and that she thought she could make the terms to suit. She had taken her passage for Europe, and was very anxious to let the flat before she sailed. She would call that evening at seven.

"Mrs. Grosvenor Green!" said Mrs. March. "Which of the ten thousand flats is it, Basil?"

"The gimcrackery," he answered. "In the Xenophon, you know."

"Well, she may save herself the trouble. I shall not see her. Or, yes—I must. I *couldn't* go away without seeing what sort of creature could have planned that fly-away flat. She must be a perfect—"

"Parachute," March suggested.

"No: anybody so light as that couldn't come down."

"Well, toy balloon."

"Toy balloon will do for the present," Mrs. March admitted. "But I feel that naught but herself can be her parallel for volatility."

When Mrs. Grosvenor Green's card came up, they both descended to the hotel parlor, which March said looked like the saloon of a Moorish day boat; not that he knew of any such craft, but the decorations were so Saracenic and the architecture so Hudson Riverish. They found there on the grand central divan a large lady, whose vast smoothness, placidity, and plumpness set at defiance all their preconceptions of Mrs. Grosvenor Green, so that Mrs. March distinctly paused with her card in her hand before venturing even tentatively to address her. Then she was astonished at the low calm voice in which Mrs. Green acknowledged herself, and slowly proceeded to apologize for calling. It was not quite true that she had taken her passage for Europe, but she hoped soon to do so, and she confessed that in the mean time she was anxious to let her flat. She was a little worn out with the care of house-keeping—Mrs. March breathed, "Oh yes!" in the sigh with which ladies recognize one another's martyrdom—and Mr. Green had business abroad, and she was going to pursue her art studies in Paris; she drew in Mr. Ilcomb's class now, but the instruction was so much better in Paris; and as the Superintendent seemed to think the price was the only objection, she had ventured to call.

"Then we didn't deceive him in the least," thought Mrs. March, while she answered, sweetly: "No; we were only afraid that it would be too small for our family. We require a good many rooms." She could not forego the opportunity of saying, "My husband is coming to New York to take charge of a literary periodical, and he will have to have a room to write in," which made Mrs. Green bow to March, and made March look sheepish. "But we did think the apartment very charming" ("It *was* architecturally charming," she protested to her conscience), "and we should have been so glad if we could have got into it." She followed this with some account of their house-hunting, amid soft murmurs of sympathy from Mrs. Green, who said that she had been through all that, and that if she could have shown her apartment to them she felt sure that she could have explained it so that they would have seen its capabilities better. Mrs. March assented to this, and Mrs. Green added that if they found nothing exactly suitable she would be glad to have them look at it again; and then Mrs. March said that she was going back to Boston herself, but she was leaving Mr. March to continue the search, and she had no doubt he would be only *too* glad to see the apartment by daylight. "But if you take it, Basil," she warned him, when they were alone, "I shall simply renounce you. I wouldn't live in that junk-shop if you gave it to me. But who would have thought she was that kind of looking person? Though of course I might have known if I had stopped to think once. It's because the place doesn't express her at all that it's so unlike her. It couldn't be like anybody, or anything that flies in the air, or creeps upon the earth, or swims in the waters under the earth. I wonder where in the world she's from? She's no New-Yorker; even we can see that; and she's not quite a country person either; she seems like a person from some large town, where she's been an æsthetic authority. And she can't find good enough art instruction in New York, and has to go to Paris for it! Well, it's pathetic, after all, Basil. I can't help feeling sorry for a person who mistakes herself to that extent."

"I can't help feeling sorry for the husband of a person who mistakes herself to that extent. What is Mr. Grosvenor Green going to do in Paris while she's working her way into the Salon?"

"Well, you keep away from her apartment, Basil; that's all I've got to say to *you*. And yet I do like some things about her."

"I like everything about her but her apartment," said March.

"I like her going to be out of the country," said his wife. "We shouldn't be overlooked. And the place was prettily shaped; you can't deny it. And there was an elevator and steam heat. And the location *is* very convenient. And there was a hall boy to bring up cards. The halls and stairs were kept very clean and nice. But it wouldn't do. I could put you a folding-bed in the room where you wrote, and we could even have one in the parlor—"

"Behind a portière? I couldn't stand any more portières!"

"And we could squeeze the two girls into one room, or perhaps only bring Margaret, and put out the whole of the wash. Basil!" she almost shrieked, "it isn't to be thought of!"

He retorted, "I'm not thinking of it, my dear."

Fulkerson came in just before they started for Mrs. March's train, to find out what had become of them, he said, and to see whether they had got anything to live in yet.

"Not a thing," she said. "And I'm just going back to Boston, and leaving Mr. March here to do anything he pleases about it. He has *carte blanche*."

"But freedom brings responsibility, you know, Fulkerson, and it's the same as if I'd no choice. I'm staying behind because I'm left, not because I expect to do anything."

"Is that so?" asked Fulkerson. "Well, we must see what can be done. I supposed you would be all settled by this time, or I should have humped myself to find you something. None of those places I gave you amount to anything?"

"As much as forty thousand others we've looked at," said Mrs. March. "Yes, one of them *does* amount to something. It comes so near being what we want that I've given Mr. March particular instructions not to go near it."

She told him about Mrs. Grosvenor Green and her flat, and at the end he said:

"Well, well, we must look out for that. I'll keep an eye on him, Mrs. March, and see that he doesn't do anything rash, and I won't leave him till he's found just the right thing. It exists, of course; it must in a city of eighteen hundred thousand people, and the only question is, where to find it. You leave him to me, Mrs. March; I'll watch out for him."

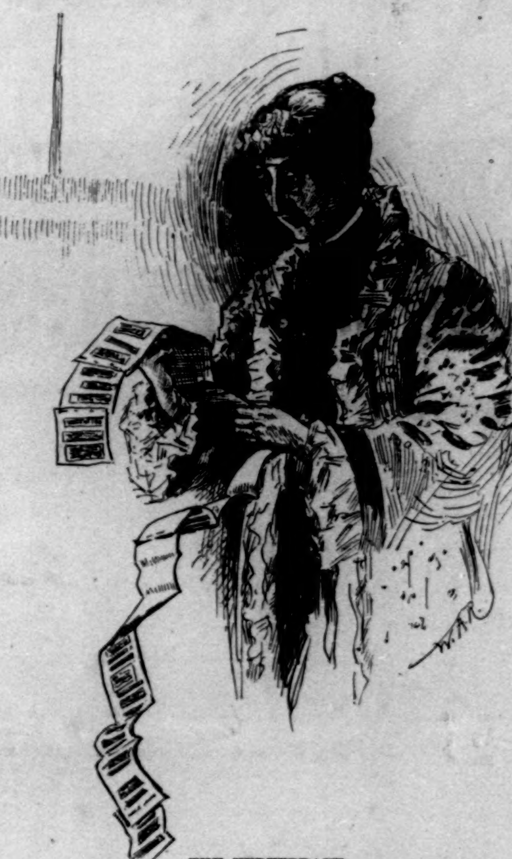
Fulkerson showed some signs of going to the station when he found they were not driving, but she bade him a peremptory good-by at the hotel door.

"He's very nice, Basil, and his way with you is perfectly charming. It's very sweet to see how really fond of you he is. But I didn't want him stringing along up to Forty-second Street with us, and spoiling our last moments together."

At Third Avenue they took the elevated, for which she confessed an infatuation. She declared it the most ideal way of getting about in the world, and was not ashamed when he reminded her of how she used to say that nothing under the sun could induce her to travel on it. She now said that the night transit was even more interesting than the day, and that the fleeting intimacy you formed with people in second and third floor interiors, while all the usual street life went on underneath, had a domestic intensity mixed with a perfect repose that was the last effect of good society with all its security and exclusiveness. He said it was better than the theatre, of which it reminded him, to see those people through their windows: a family party of workfolk at a late tea, some of the men in their shirt sleeves; a woman sewing by a lamp; a mother laying her child in its cradle; a man with his head fallen on his hands upon a table; a girl and her lover leaning over the window-sill together. What suggestion! what drama! what infinite interest! At the Forty-second Street station they stopped a minute on the bridge that crosses the track to the branch road for the Central Depot, and looked up and down the long stretch of the elevated to north and south. The track that found and lost itself a thousand times in the flare and tremor of the innumerable lights; the moony sheen of the electrics mixing with the reddish points and blots of gas far and near; the architectural shapes of houses and churches and towers, rescued by the obscurity from all that was ignoble in them, and the coming and going of the trains marking the stations with vivider or fainter plumes of flame-shot steam—formed an incomparable perspective. They often talked afterward of the superb spectacle, which in a city full of painters nightly works its unrecorded miracles; and they were just to the Arachne roof spun in iron over the cross street on which they ran to the depot; but for the present they were mostly inarticulate before it. They had another moment of rich silence when they paused in the gallery that leads from the elevated station to the waiting-rooms in the Central Depot and looked down upon the great night trains lying on the tracks dim under the rain of gas-lights that starred without dispersing the vast darkness of the place. What forces, what fates, slept in these bulks which would soon be hurling themselves north and east and west through the night! Now they waited there like fabled monsters of Arab story ready for the magician's touch, tractable, reckless, will-less—organized lifelessness full of a strange semblance of life.

The Marches admired the impressive sight with a thrill of patriotic pride in the fact that the whole world perhaps could not afford just the like. Then they hurried down to the ticket offices, and he got her a lower berth in the Boston sleeper, and went with her to the car. They made the most of the fact that her berth was in the very middle of the car; and she promised to write as soon as she reached home. She promised also that having seen the limitations of New York in respect to flats, she would not be hard on him if he took something not quite ideal. Only he must remember that it was not to be above Twentieth Street nor below Washington Square; it must not be higher than the third floor; it must have an elevator, steam heat, hall boys, and a pleasant janitor. These were essentials; if he could not get them, then they must do without. But he must get them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE VERTEBRATE.

PREPARING NETS FOR SHAD FISHING.

When in the neighborhood of New York city Irishmen are making their arrangements to honor St. Patrick, fishermen have commenced active preparations for the capture of shad. Long before that date, however, their nets have been thoroughly overhauled. It is generally accepted that on or about the 17th of March the Mayor of the city of New York, in accordance with a time-honored custom, ought to receive his first North River shad, but as likely as not his table on that particular day may have to go without *Clupea sapidissima*.

This season the first shad in the North River came some little late. These irregularities on the part of the fish are very perplexing to the fisherman. Shad move from salt to fresh water according to temperatures. If this movement is to be expressed in a scientific way, shad follow the law of other anadromous fish, and seek "a hydro-thermal area of a certain temperature." How far shad go out to sea is not known. The probability is that the fish never are very far distant. It is not generally known that shad are caught in the neighborhood of New York at all seasons, not in quantity, of course, but represented by single individuals.

Shad are capricious as to their movements in the rivers. Sometimes schools of fish have been netted on one side of a river, and the exact position has been sought for by fishermen and handsomely paid for, with the expectation that it would yield a rich harvest. For no known cause, when the time came, all the fish had taken to the other side of the river. It is generally supposed that the shad is the most timid of fish, and afraid even of the shadow of a bridge thrown on the water.

Shad ascend the river for purposes of reproduction, and try to deposit their eggs at the exact places in the small streams where they first swam. How far they are governed by instinct can hardly be determined. Knowing their habits, the fishermen line the channels with their nets, and await impatiently the coming of the schools. Mr. W. A. Rogers shows in his sketch the men at work getting their nets and other appliances in order. A net is a frail thing, and repairs are constant. It is not always a shad that tries to take its course up a river. Very often a sturgeon comes, and then he makes a big hole in the net. The stakes used for the nets are strong and heavy, and have to be solidly fixed in the ground. The fishermen, to designate their particular limits, use a bit of green brush, which they attach to their stakes. When work begins and the shad are running, the labor of tending the nets, taking the fish, and sending the shad to market is very arduous, and there is an utter disregard of any set or fixed hours of labor. While there are shad, shad must be taken, and sometimes the fishermen work on for eighteen hours at a stretch. In the neighborhood of New York the fishermen are generally all whites, but in the past many colored men were found. In the Potomac shad fisheries the colored man is in the majority.

Shad fishing is rather an uncertain business, the profits derived from it varying considerably. This arises not because fish are not caught, but for the reason of the fluctuation of prices. Shad being the first fish coming into the market, in the early spring may be in eager demand, and selling at from thirty-five cents to fifty cents wholesale, when suddenly the first smack-load of mackerel caught off Cape Henlopen makes its appearance. Then shad in the New York markets will tumble in a day fifty per cent. in price.

Shad fishing is a rough, hard life, and the returns often not proportionate to the risks run. The broiled shad at breakfast, in proportion to the toil expended in its capture, is almost always a fish which as to its price barely pays the men who have caught it.

THE FIRST GRANDCHILD.

"Grandmother!" called the farmer, and there came
Out through the vine-wreathed porch a blushing dame,
Surprised and eager at the strange new name.

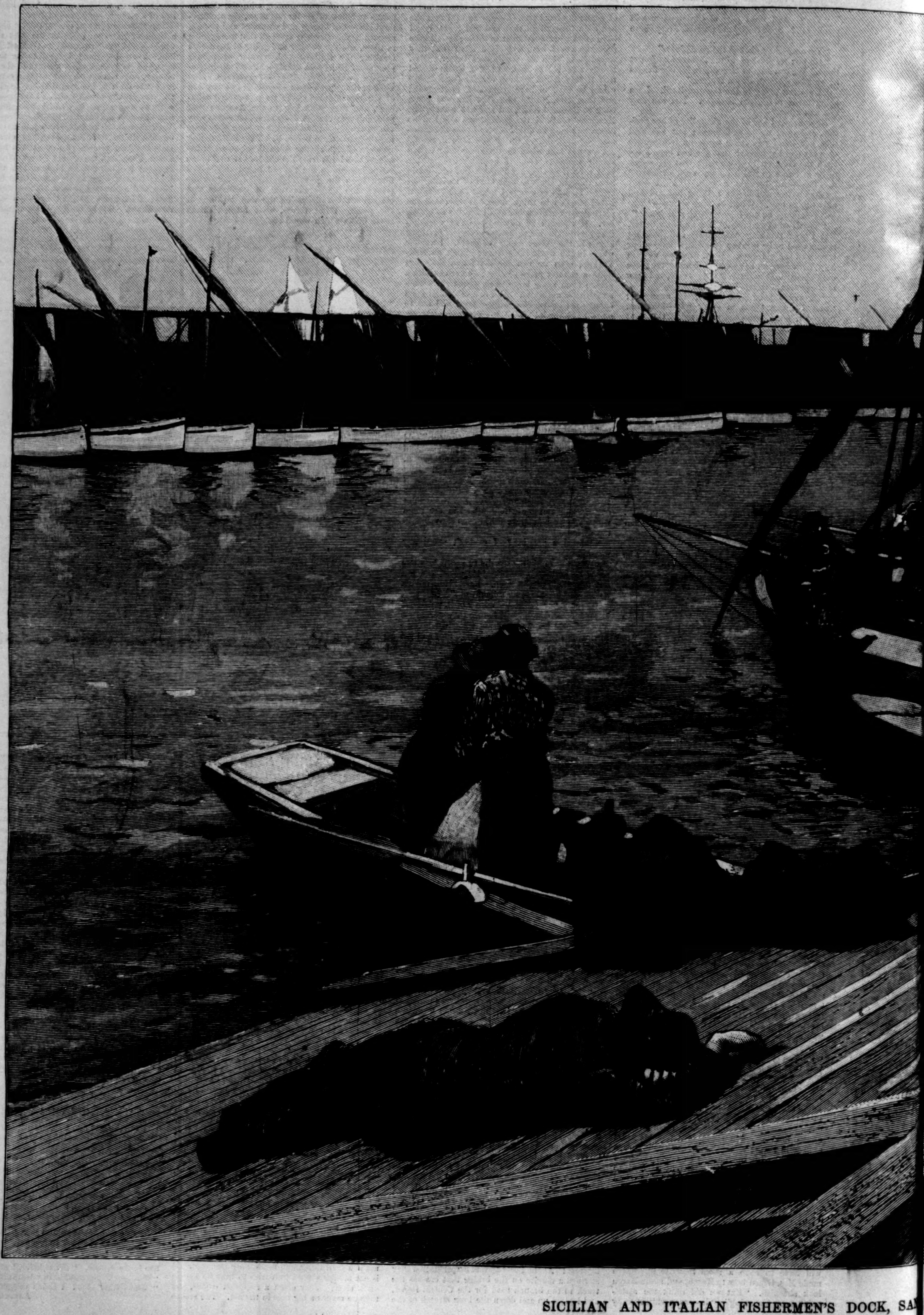
The clock within rang forth the chime for eight.
"A message? Read it—quick—how can you wait?"
Her husband, smiling, leaned upon the gate,

At arm's-length holding in his trembling hand
The crisp white sheet, while he the writing scanned,
Then read once more, with voice almost unmanned:

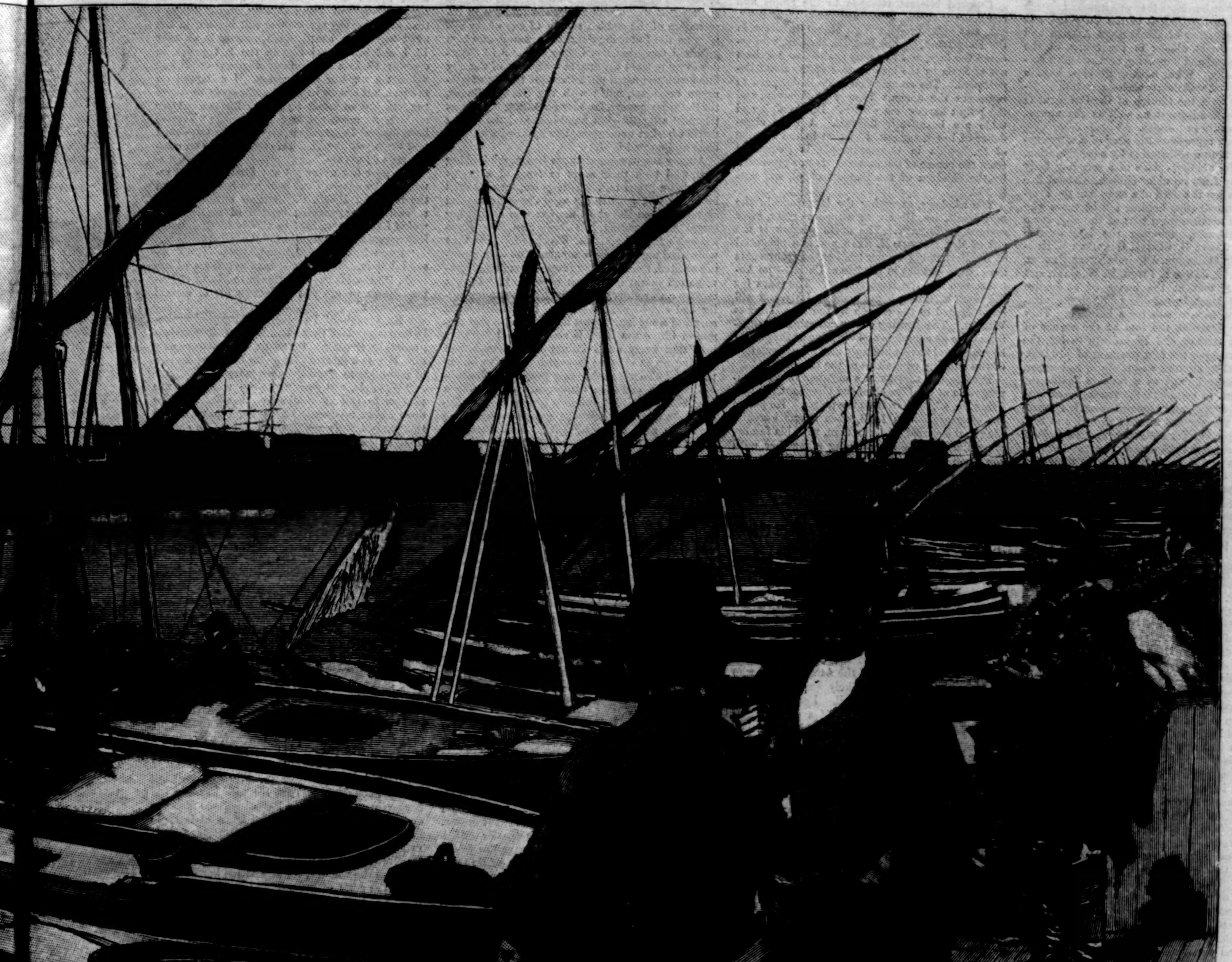
"'Thy granddaughter salutes thee, "Baby Bell."'
Mother and child, thank God, are doing well."
A moment's silence on the proud twain fell.

She broke it soon. "*Grandfather*, I congrat—"
"What, me?" the good man cried, lifting his hat—
"'Grandfather'—me? I hadn't thought of that."

Annie A. Preston.



SICILIAN AND ITALIAN FISHERMEN'S DOCK, SA



AN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 307.]

CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington had more than one hundred church edifices before the Church of the Covenant was built, at the corner of Connecticut Avenue and Eighteenth Street, almost in the centre of the rapidly growing and improving northwestern section of the city. While most of the churches are substantial and sufficiently ecclesiastical in architecture and style, the Church of the Covenant is at once the handsomest as well as the newest church structure in the city.

The church represents the need of a congregation rather than a solicitation for a congregation. It is not the abiding-place of a seceding body nor a colony from an older church. About five years ago, when the need of a church of the Presbyterian denomination became felt by those who lived in the northwestern part of the city, some twenty gentlemen, including the late Justice Matthews, James G. Blaine, Gardiner G. Hubbard, Admiral Colhoun, Admiral Carter, Samuel Shellabarger, James E. Fitch, M. W. Galt, and W. M. Galt, met at the house of ex-Justice Strong, and decided to secure a church organization and purchase a site for a building. They bought, for $38,000, the lots at the corner of Connecticut Avenue and Eighteenth Street, the committee making the first payment of $10,000.

An appeal by circular was made in November, 1883, for subscriptions to a fund to enable the incorporators to complete the purchase of land and erect a chapel, and among the early contributors were the persons already named, and Senator Cameron, William Walter Phelps, Colonel John Hay, the late ex-Senator Yulee, and others. With plans for the entire church in their possession the committee of incorporators began, in the latter part of 1884, a chapel on the rear of the lot. This part of the edifice was opened for public worship October 11, 1885. A week later the church was formally organized by the Presbytery, 53 persons uniting with the church at that time. A call to the Rev. Dr. S. S. Mitchell, of Buffalo, was declined, and in March, 1886, the office of the pastorate was accepted by the Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D. Dr. Hamlin is a native of Schenectady, New York, born May 31, 1847, a graduate of Union College in 1867, and of the Union Theological Seminary of New York city in 1871, with the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred by Union College in 1886. He began his ministrations in May, 1886, coming from Cincinnati. The congregation of 99 members increased under his pastorate, until now its membership is 250, with a mission west of Rock Creek conducting a Sunday-school of 200 members, and a Saturday industrial school of about the same size.

The chapel proving too small to accommodate the rapidly increasing congregation, and interest in the construction of the main edifice being manifested by liberal subscriptions of funds, ground was broken in April, 1887, for that structure, and the work upon it was pushed with such despatch that it was expected to occupy the new church in October of the following year. On August 23, 1888, when the structure, including the noble tower that is its chief architectural feature, was about completed, the tower fell, crashing into the front wall, wrecking a part of the interior, postponing occupation for several months, and imposing unexpected additional expense upon a congregation that had already been wonderfuly prompt in liberal giving. The work of reconstruction was at once begun. Early in February the ruined parts of the building were restored, excepting only the tower, which was still half completed, and upon which work has just been resumed, when, on Sunday, February 24th, the church was opened for public worship. It had cost about $215,000. Owing to the fall of the tower an unlooked-for debt of $20,000 had been incurred. Upon an appeal to the congregation, after the first Sunday service, by the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, $22,000 was at once raised, enabling the trustees to pay the floating indebtedness and to redeem the first bond of the $75,000 bonded indebtedness.

The church which this congregation has erected is an admirable example of the Romanesque and Italian styles in architecture. It is built of creamy white stone, partly from the Potomac quarries at Great Falls and partly from Ohio. The campanile is the most prominent feature of the structure. It is twenty feet square at the base, and when completed will rise to a height of 148 feet. The corners are turreted, and the mass of white stone is broken at regular intervals by narrow windows, and at the belfry by a series of arcaded openings in three tiers. The body of the church is in form a parallelogram. Its front is to the west, facing Connecticut Avenue. At the left is the great campanile, and at the right a turreted tower, flanked by a low-roofed projection forming the vestibule for an entrance corresponding with another through the main tower. The slated roofs are broken half-way up by a square lantern that rises into a clere-story, and is then finished with a sharp pitch. The lantern sides and roofs are covered with dark red glazed tiles. The capitals, entrance arches, the arched openings in the belfry, and the finials are all richly and tastefully carved.

The interior is spacious, airy, light, tasteful, and restful. Four flat arches, springing from four large pillars, support the lantern with its domed roof. The pillars are bronzed, and the arches, finished in plaster in low relief, from cartoon designs in the Italian style, are colored so as to give to the interior a general tone of old ivory. A wainscot of oak, thirteen feet in height, rises to the ivory-colored walls. The pews, obliqued at the sides of the church, are also of polished oak. The seating capacity of the church is about 1000. The spandrels of the lantern are decorated with groups of Florentine angels, and the frieze has a delicate design in tracery. In the arch back of the pulpit is an oak-encased Hook & Hastings organ, with three manuals and thirty-nine stops.

Unusual interest attaches to the pulpit and communion table. Both are made from olive, oak, and cedar brought from Mount Lebanon, in the Holy Land, by the Rev. Dr. Hamlin, who secured the logs, and was only enabled to get them out of Syria by the intervention of the State Department. The communion table is designed to represent the ancient Temple of Solomon, and the pulpit harmonizes with it. Both pulpit and table are beautifully finished. A large chandelier of brass, suggested by that in the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople, is suspended from the centre of the lantern. It was presented by the children of the Sunday-school, and cost $1300.

The windows, excepting the large one in the north wall, are filled with cathedral glass, after designs by Tiffany. The north window is the gift of Mrs. Martha M. Read, and is a memorial of Admiral Dahlgren, her brother. It represents the extreme scenes in the life of Christ—the Annunciation and the Resurrection. The glass for the south window is being made in Italy, and will be presented to the church by the Hon. Thomas Wilson. The heating and ventilating arrangements are as complete and effective as they could be made, and have admirably met the expectation of the building committee of the church.

President Harrison is a member of the congregation of the Church of the Covenant, his pew being No. 43, not far from the pulpit. He joined the congregation in 1885, when it was worshipping in the chapel, and was then, with his family, a regular attendant, remaining a member until the close of his term as Senator. Secretaries Blaine and Windom and Postmaster-General Wanamaker are also pew-holders.

MY LITERARY MISADVENTURE.

On the shrine of a bad cold, I, Rudolph du Corduroy, had offered up quinine, lemon juice, whiskey, aconite, iron, onions, hot water, cold water, camphor, cod-liver oil, my time, temper, teeth, digestive apparatus, and good looks, without effecting a cure. Evidently I should have to write and tell Rosalie Redfern that I found myself too ill to go to the theatre with her on Friday evening. Would she care, or would she compare me disparagingly with Biceps, of the Athletic Club, who never took cold? Very likely she would send Biceps word that he might call. I put on a fresh mustard plaster, swallowed half a pint of iron gargle and a quinine pill. Then, as I mixed some whiskey and lemon juice, I said to myself, "Du Corduroy, what a lack of mental calibre is this! To curse fate because you cannot meet an engagement with an eighteen-year-old girl whom you have known six weeks, and instead of considering the influence of colds upon humanity in general, to be intent upon such petty ramifications of the subject as your own personal ague, rheumatism, and toothache!" These reflections, which might have resulted in a mind-cure or valuable ethical conclusions, were interrupted by a voice in the hall, which announced "A note for Number 17." Ha! "Number 17" was myself. A year of camping out in a boarding-house had accustomed me to hearing myself mentioned as "the third floor front," or "Number 17," or "the single young man with the eye-glasses and the striped pants." At first I objected to "pants." But I learned to accept the truth that "trousers" is an exotic not to be found in the vocabulary of the denizens of a boarding-house. Possibly this was a note from Rosalie, and I smiled and felt for a dime as the messenger handed it to me. "Mr. Trencher said I was to call again in an hour and a half," he remarked, and immediately disappeared, having probably learned from experience that his communications were not productive of dimes. Mr. Bleu Plume Trencher was the editor of *The Weekly Philistine*. His note read:

"*Mr. R. du Corduroy:*

"Dear Sir,—Your copy was expected this forenoon. Please send as soon as possible, and oblige, B. P. Trencher."

I drank the whiskey and lemon juice, and sat down at my desk. Reader, I must be frank with you, and if in consequence you omit the rest of this tale, I cannot help it. I confess that I was writing a serial story for *The Weekly Philistine*—a journal which rejoiced in supernatural woodcuts and sensational novelettes. I had conducted a happy family of a detective in citizen's dress, an escaped maniac, a nobleman incognito, an enigmatical widow, her three daughters, a rich old bachelor, his house-keeper, his dissipated nephew, his false friend, a poor but beautiful orphan girl, and, as a theatre programme might add, soldiers, servants, bandits, and the populace, through eighteen chapters. Having introduced such incidents as the maniac's suicide, the apparent abduction of one of the daughters, the clandestine marriage of another daughter with the disguised nobleman, and a mysterious robbery, I had the story well in hand—also the cash payments for the same. Drawing occasional inspiration from my carbolic acid inhaler and further doses of whiskey and lemon juice, I hastened my characters through four unusually troublous chapters before the messenger called again. Then I looked in the mirror and saw that my nose was red and swollen, my eyes were half closed, and my throat had been blistered by a hot-water bandage. I tried to smile tenderly, and the glass reflected an imbecile squint. I attempted to murmur gracefully, "Good-evening, Miss Rosalie," and the only audible result, a husky gurgle, completed my despair, and caused me to dash off my note to Rosalie informing her that I was too ill to call on Friday. I delivered it with the manuscript to the messenger, turned out the gas, and groped my way to bed.

Before I go on with the narrative of the consequences of that evening's work, let me describe an incident which was afterward told me in explanation of the sudden advent of one of my visitors on the following Saturday evening, of which informal reception more anon. The 6.15 Saturday evening train for Sparta rolled out of the city filled with the usual miscellaneous throng of suburban residents, laden with the Sunday dinner, the Saturday papers, laundry packages, the silver-trimmed alligator-skin hand-bag, and the honest market-basket uncompromisingly filled with cabbage and corned-beef.

Among the passengers were two rough-looking men, who took their seats in front of a pretty girl, whose green tailor-made gown, tortoise-shell lorgnette, and pensive air were receiving careful attention from the stout matron who shared her seat. After reading *The Daily Sun*, *The Workingman's Herald*, and *The Weekly Philistine*, they whispered together for a moment, and then, growing excited, the following fragments of their conversation might have been overheard: "It is a mighty queer story. It looks like the young feller had eloped with the girl. His disappearing so, all of a sudden, is most likely because that disguised Pinkerton feller is onto him. I don't see how that crazy one's killing himself and then turning up as chipper as ever is going to be explained." To which the other replied: "Explained, man! it can't be explained. There was a long account of that lunatic's funeral. That Rudolph du Corduroy has done something which he won't be able to account for. Now I say—" What he said was heard only by his companion, as they gathered up their papers and got out at Briggsville. A pretty shop-girl and a flashily dressed woman of about thirty took their places. They also had been reading *The Weekly Philistine*, and the elder remarked, as she folded the paper: "I've no doubt he is a swell in disguise. He has married her, I suppose. It has all been very interesting so far, but I do not like the latest developments. How is Du Corduroy going to get out of it, killing that poor fool, and then pretending so calmly not to have done it at all?" "Well," returned her companion, enthusiastically, "I have liked him all along; I think it is lovely. He will make it all right. It is all the more interesting for being kind of mixed up and queer now." Only occasional phrases of their conversation were audible after that, and at Chestnut Park a policeman and a fast-looking young man in a suit of ready-made clothes took their seats as they left. "You see," said the young man, absently scanning *The Weekly Philistine*, "I seldom notice that sort of thing, but I happened to keep track of this, and it strikes me as an impossible piece of business. Why, I could figure out something better than that myself." "He'll have to explain," said the policeman. "I have to stop an hour in Sparta, and when I go back to the city I shall go and see him and ask him what it means. I can get his address from *The Weekly Philistine*." "Oh, what's the use?" said the other, contemptuously; "that De Colisseum, or De Colorado, or whatever his name is, has made a mistake. He can't explain. He was crazy and committed suicide." And they went into the smoking car. An aristocratic young woman in a green tailor-made gown staggered off the train at Sparta, declined the smelling salts offered her by an observant fellow-traveller, and took the train, which happened to be waiting, back to the city.

To return to my own fortunes. On Friday I narrowly escaped brain-fever, and the doctor, my friend Brown, hinted that the diet of potash, carbolic acid vapor, quinine, whiskey, and lemon juice, and the literary effort to which I subjected myself on Thursday, might have killed me but for the cod-liver oil. On Saturday I grew well fast; life seemed worth living; I even felt friendly toward Biceps; and as I heard the newsboys calling *The Sun*, *The Herald*, and *The Weekly Philistine* beneath my window, I planned out my next serial story, and even had misty ideas of a novel of which Rosalie should be the heroine. I would call on Rosalie to-morrow. Had she missed me? Perhaps she would not show it if she had. I thought of her frequently throughout the day, and even hoped for a note from her. My afternoon mail was unusually large—a bill or two, a letter from my brother in the West, and the rest in unfamiliar handwriting, forwarded, as I noticed, from *The Weekly Philistine* office. I copy here a few samples of these surprising communications.

"*Mr. Du Corduroy:*

"Sir,—What do you mean by a killing of him, and then passing him off again for a live man? Do you take the reading public for fools? Maybe you was drunk when you got things so mixed; but you had better stop that sort of nonsense and explain, if you do not want to be boycotted.

"Yours, etc., Hiram Stone."

"My dear Mr. Du Corduroy,—What does it mean? I was so relieved when that unfortunate insane individual killed himself! Was it not an actual suicide? Pray do not have him come to life again. He was so weird! I can hardly wait for the next number, and enclose a stamp, hoping that you will let me know the meaning of your last four chapters. Hoping that you will not consider my note an intrusion, for I am aware that literary men have lots on their minds, I remain

"Your constant reader,

"Miriam Estelle Spriggins."

"*Mr. R. du Corduroy:*

"Dear Mr.,—I sells the *Weekly Phil.*, and my customers is making inquiries, and I think I could write a better story myself, and if there is any sense in the last edition of that of yours we fail to see it, and will feel obliged if you will point it out. Yours as a friend,

"Bill Timmins."

There were others, signed and unsigned, coherent and otherwise, written in evident good faith, and written in a satirical vein. Gradually the truth forced itself upon me. I consulted the back numbers of *The Philistine*, and discovered that after having my maniac kill himself in the most harrowing and detailed manner in chapter 13, I had introduced him in the last paper, in chapter 19, in a particularly vigorous condition, without a word of explanation. I collapsed on the bed, but aroused myself sufficiently to direct the hall boy to admit no callers for me. After an hour or more the boy announced: "There's been several fellows here, sir—a queer lot—but I told them you was ill. This one insisted on coming up, and says—"

The poor boy never got any further in that remark. An unseen force sent him half-way down the hall, and Mr. B. P. Trencher entered. The revised and expurgated version of his remarks which I feel constrained to give is comparatively inadequate and lacking in point.

"I would not have had this happen for a thousand dollars. We are the laughing-stock of the town, Du Corduroy. Are you in the habit of getting drunk, or are you subject to fits of mental aberration?"

"Mr. Trencher," I replied, "I forgot—I entirely forgot the fact that I had killed that man in a preceding chapter. I was ill. I was seriously ill. It was a most unfortunate result of a state of mind due to physical indisposition."

"Well, sir, will you make up what you are pleased to call your mind as to what is to be done about this matter? Why, I have edited this paper twenty years, and I never had such a thing happen before. You say I ought to have read over your copy. I took it for granted that you were a man of sense, that you were to be relied upon. Your copy came late, and I made the greatest mistake of my life in supposing that you were capable of remembering from one week to the next, sir, what you had written. I'll never publish another line you write. Now what do you propose to say in the next paper to explain this mess?"

Above this verbal cyclone I heard a light tap, and managed to gasp, "Come in." In rushed an agitated little figure in a green tailor-made gown, who threw herself into my arms and exclaimed, "Oh, Rudolph! have you committed suicide, or gone crazy, or—or—married any one? What have you done? Two horrid-looking men on the cars said that you had eloped, and had gone crazy, and that a detective had discovered you. And two women, very odd-looking women, seemed to know you, and to—to like you very much; and a policeman and another man thought that you could not explain yourself. Every one is talking about you. What *is The Weekly Philistine?* Is it an anarchist club or something? Oh dear!" It was Rosalie. She was weeping on my shoulder. She let me kiss her and tell her again and again that I loved her too much to do any of those things. And when at last she looked up for a minute I ceased to fear the rivalry of Biceps or any one else. A little later Mr. Trencher finished his observation of the scenery from the window, Rosalie seated herself primly on the edge of a chair, and we discussed the matter of the story.

"Now," said Rosalie, Mr. Trencher having been introduced to her, and my mishap and the nature of *The Weekly Philistine* having been explained to her, "you will insert in the next paper a notice, signed by you, Mr. Trencher, saying that if the public—"

"The discriminating public," I suggested.

"Yes, if the discriminating public will restrain its impatience—"

"Natural impatience," I suggested again.

"Natural impatience, it will soon understand—"

"The recent startling developments in Mr. Du Corduroy's tale," sadly, from me.

"Which more than usually illustrates his peculiarly attractive style," from Trencher.

"And original conceptions of plot and character," triumphantly, from Rosalie.

"Very good," said Trencher. "On the whole, it will be a fine advertisement. But how will you explain it?" he asked me, but he looked at Rosalie.

"Oh, he can do it," she replied. "I will help him."

Between us we managed to concoct an explanation of the resuscitation of my suicide. It spoiled the story from an artistic point of view, but Trencher says that he never published a more popular serial.

Now I am a member of the firm of Redfern & Du Corduroy, bankers, and the only stories I compose are for a listener who is not over-critical if I confess the plot—my little daughter Rosalie.

Alice L. Clark.

ON TO OKLAHOMA.

As the 22d of April, the day named in the President's proclamation for opening the Oklahoma country, draws near, the rush to the borders of the promised land has become extraordinary. All the neighboring States share the excitement; even the lake-regions of the North send settlers; in New York itself an advertisement has called for 100 men to go and found a town there. Cities have been plotted on paper, and for one of them a bank has been organized, to begin business on the 22d. Farmers, miners, mechanics, gamblers—a motley array, desirable and undesirable—are ready to start. One railroad runs through the territory, others go near it, and they are preparing for the rush. The General Land-office is working to get its two offices at Kingfisher Station and Guthrie ready for business by noon of April 22. The Post-office Department is hurrying its mail arrangements for the same day. There are about 11,000 quarter sections to dispose of, and it is said that five times that number of people want them. The spectacle offered next week will be unexampled even in our history.

One outcome of this strange rush has been a little ill feeling between the old original Oklahoma invaders and those who are coming at the eleventh hour into the vineyard. This is increased by the fact that the cavalry has been beating the bush and driving beyond the borders all people found in it. But there is equity as well as statute requirement in giving everybody a fair start. The invasions of Oklahoma in past years under **Payne**, **Couch**, and others, and later under "Pawnee Bill" and **Hill**, have been lawless, and in direct defiance of successive proclamations by Presidents **Hayes**, **Arthur**, and **Cleveland**. The lands were, it is true, ceded back to the government in 1866 by the Creeks and Seminoles, but on the express condition that white men should not settle there. They are in the heart of the Indian Territory, and the small price paid at that time for them is evidence that no expectation was then entertained of reimbursement by opening them to settlers. This condition has always been recognized as binding, and accordingly the government has again and again expelled intruders by the use of troops. But in the mean time, for several years past, recognizing that its old idea of settling Indian bands there was impracticable, it has sought to purchase from the Creeks and Seminoles the surrender of this condition, so as to make the sale absolute. At first the Indians, fearing the effect of the inrush of whites, refused; but last winter, under great urgency and tempting offers, they bowed to the inevitable. Congress promptly appropriated more than four million dollars to pay the Creeks and Seminoles for giving up all their right to the tract indicated. But it expressly provided that whoever should go upon the lands thus purchased before the day fixed by the President's proclamation should be cut off from the right to make a regular legal entry through the land-office.

This provision, coupled with the presence of troops, who have been directed by General **Schofield** to take the names of intruders, has had a good effect. The region is probably well cleared of intruders, and the race of the 22d will be fair in the start at least. In this number of the **Weekly** we present a series of illustrations of scenes relating to this Oklahoma enterprise, one of the most extraordinary of our day.

THE FISHERMEN OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Near the foot of Vallejo Street, on that part of the water front of San Francisco formerly known as Barbary Coast, because it was not unreasonably said to be peopled by Barbary pirates, is a slip which is monopolized by fishermen. Into this slip their boats, which are not unlike the cat-rigged boats of Long Island, though their sail is set on a yard midway up the mast, something like the lateen-sails of the Mediterranean, creep under cover of the shadows of night, and back up alongside each other to the wharf. They sometimes lie so close that each boat touches its neighbor on either side. An idea of the scene may be formed from the picture on our double page, from a drawing by **Farny**.

On the wharf against which the fishing-boats are moored is a shed which contains the wholesale fish-market of San Francisco. For three hours out of the twenty-four this is as lively a place as can be seen in the Pacific metropolis. It wakes up at three in the morning, and its day ends at six. By that time the previous day's catch is disposed of at some price or other. The shed is lit with gas jets, which shed a flickering radiance on the piles of shining fish lying in heaps on oblong tables, on the floor, or in baskets and bags. A polyglot audience surrounds the heaps, speaking almost every known language, but the tongue which predominates is Italian; for all or nearly all the fishermen are from the land of fish—the Italian peninsula and the Italian islands. Irishmen do not take kindly to fishing; Americans find more lucrative employment for their time; Chinamen have been gradually elbowed out of deep-sea fishing, and restricted to the pursuit of shrimps and shiners. At Monterey the fishermen are generally Portuguese; at San Francisco the Italians have established a monopoly, and they maintain it. But the customers include fish-dealers, American, French, German, and Spanish; hotel and restaurant keepers, largely French; boarding-house keepers, American and Irish, who drop in late to pick up bargains in unsold fish; and a small army of Chinese peddlers, who have customers of their own whom they serve at Jomicil. Each of these jabbers in his own tongue, while the fishermen vociferate in peninsular dialect, with much gesticulation and unnecessary appeals to the Deity and the saints.

The fish which is most abundant in the wholesale fish-market is known as the smelt. The appellation is local, and is not justified by ichthyology. The true smelt of European and Eastern waters—the *Osmerus eperlanus*—is found in the bay of San Francisco, where it is called the silver smelt. But the fish sold in California under the name of smelt is an atherinoid, which has been classed as *Chirostoma*. It is fair eating, and is always cheap; hence it is a favorite with boarding-house keepers and thrifty housewives. The adult fish is seventeen inches long, and as a rule no others are taken. Sometimes Chinamen catch smaller fish in their nets; they dry them, grind them to powder, and ship them to China.

Next to the smelt, the most abundant fish in San Francisco markets is the rock cod. This is no cod at all. Under the general name of rock cod are classed three chiroids, six varieties of sea *scorpios*, and two varieties of sculpins. These vary in color from red to green, purple, yellow, and orange; in size, from a pound to twenty-five pounds; in length, from eight inches to four feet. They are all similar in the extension backward of their suborbitals, so that they are half head, and a good-sized fish is often found to contain but little food. But the flesh, scanty as it sometimes is, is of good flavor.

There are no true cod in the waters of San Francisco, though the *gadus* is abundant in the waters of Alaska. A poor relation, called in the East a whiting, is sold as cod by the fishermen, and a small fish, which is half head and whose meat is flaky, could not be distinguished from the Eastern tomcod. Occasionally a small heap of mackerel is seen on the fishermen's tables, but the *scomber* is not abundant in Pacific waters south of 54° 40′. A few Spanish mackerel are sometimes seen in places of honor on the tables, as becomes a fish that is rare and dear. To catch Spanish mackerel in abundance the fisherman must cast his nets south of San Diego. On the tables of some of the Sacramento River fishermen may be seen piles of salmon. These are poor eating, very inferior to the Eastern fish or the fish of Columbia River and the Northern streams.

Great piles of flatfish occupy considerable room in the markets. Among these are halibut, a poor variety of the fine fish which is so abundant in Puget Sound and on the Alaska banks; two fish which are sold as sole, which are really fine, though they are not the sole of the English Channel, but some distant connection; and a large variety of flounders, not to be distinguished in flavor from the Atlantic fish bearing the same name and with the same miserable eye screwed through the nose, as if the organ had determined that at any cost it would be of use to its owner. There are piles of herrings, smaller than the herring of the Atlantic coast, and a few heaps of shad. Shad were planted in the Sacramento sixteen years ago, and have propagated. They are neither as large nor as delicate in flavor as the Eastern shad, but they will probably improve. Only a couple of years ago the fish-mongers gave the shad roes away to any who asked for them, and when they sold a shad cleaned it of roe as of entrails.

The finest fish sold in the fish-market of San Francisco are the pompino and the barracuda. The former belongs to the family of the pompanos of the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Mexico, which ichthyologists call the *Trachynotis pompanus*. But the Pacific fish is much smaller than its Eastern relatives, rarely exceeding eight inches in length, and more commonly ranging from three to four. The barracuda is a genus by itself, the *Sphyræna* of the books. It is not unlike a pike in appearance, two to three feet long, slim, and round; it swims with inconceivable rapidity, and is so ravenous that fishermen are often wounded in detaching it from the hook. It has a set of teeth like a shark, and even death will not unloose its grip. Both these fish sell in San Francisco markets at from fifty cents to a dollar a pound.

EASTER FLOWERS.

Easter-tide is now the season of the great flower festival of the year. Not Decoration Day can vie with it, nor, in the churches, the "Children's Sunday" that comes in June. Perhaps this may be taken to show the strength of the religious sentiment still left among us; perhaps other and less creditable causes might be assigned; but sure it is that this day, which in our climate is always too early for the display of flowers grown out-of-doors, is that on which there is the greatest floral profusion.

There are fashions in flowers as well as in millinery. Sometimes the great demand is for roses; again, the lily reigns triumphant; this spring, or rather during the latter part of the winter just past, the violet had a season of unprecedented and rather overwhelming popularity. Favorite times change too, as well as varieties, in the world of flowers. Once it was the custom to make floral offerings to one's friends on New-Year's Day. That was when the ancient Hollandish custom of New-Year's calls still prevailed among us, ere the introduction of questionable friends by the callers, the consequent promiscuity of the society into which the fair hostesses were often thrown, and the more than occasional over-indulgence of the callers in vinous stimulants had put an end to what was originally in Nieuw Amsterdam, and still is in many a small town in the interior, a most delightful and beneficial custom, and a pleasant neighborly method of showing one's regard for one's friends.

In those times many a caller sent bouquets or baskets of cut flowers to the ladies to whom he expected to pay his respects, and the aggregate of their offerings represented a very considerable expenditure, over his portion of which, doubtless, many a beau has expended "curses loud and deep," and many a florist has rubbed his hands with glee. A dozen or fifteen years ago New-Year's Day was the florists' best day. Not even Christmas could compare with it, and the custom of using flowers at Easter was confined mainly to the churches of a liturgical form of worship, which at that time were the only ones that observed the day.

With the decline of New-Year's as a day for paying more or less social visits its importance to the florist fell off. But, as in most cases in this world, there was no elimination without substitution. If people did not send flowers to their friends at the new year, that was no reason for not sending them at all; and so, in a gradual way, keeping pace with the recognition of Easter as an ecclesiastical holiday by all denominations of professing Christians—a recognition which now, at least so far as New York city is concerned, is universal—there grew apace the custom of sending floral offerings to friends at the Easter season. It probably enhanced rather than diminished the popularity of this custom that flowers at Easter are not easy to come by, and must be roundly paid for. An offering that costs the giver nothing may be appreciated if it have intrinsic worth or beauty, but it is not always so marked an indication of regard as one that has cost the giver an appreciable amount either of money or of time and trouble.

Before this social custom obtained very largely the Easter flower trade was mainly in potted plants or "set pieces" for the decoration of churches. Lilies, of course, from their emblematic character, were the favorites for this purpose, although other flowers, and more especially white ones, were also largely used. The churches are decorated as much on Easter-Day as ever they were, and the number of those that use flowers on that occasion has largely increased, as one non-liturgical denomination after another has abandoned its prejudices against the observance of "times and seasons," and joined the general celebration of all Christendom; so that more flowers are used in churches than ever. Florists say, however, that the social Easter (if we may use such a term) has come to surpass the ecclesiastical Easter as a day of flowers, and that their sales are greater to private persons for social offerings than to the churches.

Where do all these flowers come from? where do they grow? and how are they transported from the greenhouse to the customer? Most of them come from the greenhouses in New Jersey and on Long Island: honors are about equally divided between the two districts, and between them they produce most of the floral wealth exhibited in our city shops. The flowers are carefully placed in wooden cases of a peculiar construction, made especially for the purpose, and they are sent generally by express. Arrived at the florist's, after a ride of two hours or thereabout, they are placed in the ice-room. This applies, of course, only to cut flowers, which constitute the great bulk of the trade. Once in these refrigerators, the flowers keep for several days without perceptible change. Potted flowers and plants are packed also, in cases of a different kind, and sent by express. Many of these, however, are grown by the city florists in their own greenhouses. But room is too valuable in the city to be devoted in any great degree to such a purpose, and the high-class florists rather discourage the trade in plants and potted flowers. They take up more room, they require much care, and last, but by no means least, the profit on them is not so large as on cut flowers.

Another branch of the trade that some of the more æsthetic florists are endeavoring to discourage to a great degree is the "set pieces" that were formerly so much in vogue. People will have them at funerals, of course, and the broken shaft, the cross, the crown, and the harp are necessarily kept in stock; but for festive purposes mottoes made of flowers stuck in sand, the letters white against a background of red, are rather frowned upon. There are not so many floral Easter-eggs as there once were, nor so many "Compliments of the Season," and "God bless our Home." It is beginning to be realized that the recipient of a gift may take more pleasure in arranging in their appropriate receptacles the flowers that come loose in a box than in gazing upon a set piece or basket gotten up according to the taste and fancy of the florist, be its contents never so beautiful.

Some flowers are sold at Easter that are not grown in greenhouses. These come from the South. Lilacs brought all the way from Georgia have been on sale for a month past; and earlier in the winter there might have been found orange blossoms from Florida and even from New Orleans. For such long journeys as these the flowers cannot be trusted to the tender mercies of the express messengers in the ordinary way. The usual express charges are paid, but in addition to these a liberal *honorarium* is bestowed upon the baggage-man in whose car the flowers travel, and who can perchance slip them into the ice-box on the dining-car of the "limited" at Richmond or Washington, and so enable them to arrive in pretty fresh condition in New York. There are, too, a few flowers at Easter that neither grow in greenhouses nor are sent from the South by the limited express, and these are the best of all. Easter comes late enough this year for some of our own woodland beauties to show themselves above the ground. The spring beauties, the anemones, the liverworts, and the trilliums, are too frail for friendship's offerings at any distance; but there is the trailing arbutus, which keeps its beauty with ever-increasing fragrance for many days, and of all the flowers that grow there is none so lovely to those who have ever known anything of rural joys. The scent of the woods is in it, and its wild and spicy fragrance calls up memories, perhaps, of other days and of delights that are long past. Its trailing vines, with perchance a bit of moss yet clinging to them, or a scarlet squawberry tangled in their leaves, bring with them the very spirit of the woods and pine-clad hills. They tell, too, not of money spent by the friend who sends them, but of time and loving care and anxious search. That is a remembrance worth having.

But the florists do not keep the trailing arbutus, and the young women in Mr. **Snyder**'s sketch must fain be content with hyacinths and roses and lilies and other pets of the greenhouses.

RIO.

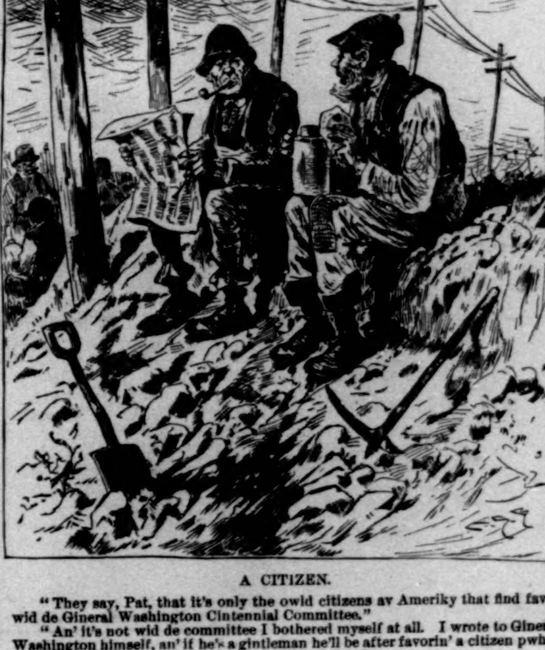
The beautiful harbor smiles
Like a paradise of peace;
But eight ships float on the tide
Captainless. River of Tears
Is the River of January.
But tears will not bribe the sun.
Pitiless, perfect sky,
Veil your terrible blue,
Not with the stars of night:
We have need of more than dew.
Send, oh, send us the rain!
Our children laugh in the sun
That is killing them, one by one.
Eight captains dead in the port;
And under the waves that smile
The cable that quivers and breaks
With the message unawares
To English mothers that wait,
"*Died of yellow-fever to-day.*"
And Brazilian mothers and wives
Watch wearily as they pray
For the blessèd, beautiful rain.
Who will come home at night,
"Just a little tired," he said,
But to-morrow dead?

O you of the beautiful North,
The cool and passionless North,
Wrapt in ermine of snow,
Exquisite laces of frost,
And silver bangles of rain,
With your fine strong winds that blow
Through forests of cedar and pine
With a glittering breath like wine,
What can you know of our pain?
You will give—ah! you cannot give.
Your ermine of snow would pass
Like a breath upon the glass;
Your exquisite laces of frost
Would be torn in an instant here
To fringe of impotent waste;
Your silvery little showers
Would not help us in our pain.
But there where you stand so fair,
Will you clasp those beautiful hands,
Those calm, cool, feverless hands,
And pray for us to-day
That God will send us our rain,
Open the flood-gates wide
For the torrents to pour, and save
Our hearts from this living grave
Of suspense, despair, and loss?

One week of glorious rain!
And the streams would run full again,
And the lakes that have shrivelled and curled
In the breath of the blinding sun,
Frail as their lilies are,
Would unfurl again to the air
Like cool and silvery leaves,
Sparkling up to the light,
With their brown beds out of sight.
O God! for a week of rain!
Our children laugh in the sun
That is killing them, one by one.
Pitiless perfect sky,
Veil your terrible blue,
Not with the stars of night:
We have need of more than dew.
Too terrible could not be
The clouds that we fain would see
Spread over this perfect sky.
Frown, that our hearts may laugh;
Melt in pitiful rain,
That our city no more may be
Rio, River of Tears,
But Rio the Queen again—
Rio the Queen!

Alice Wellington Rollins.

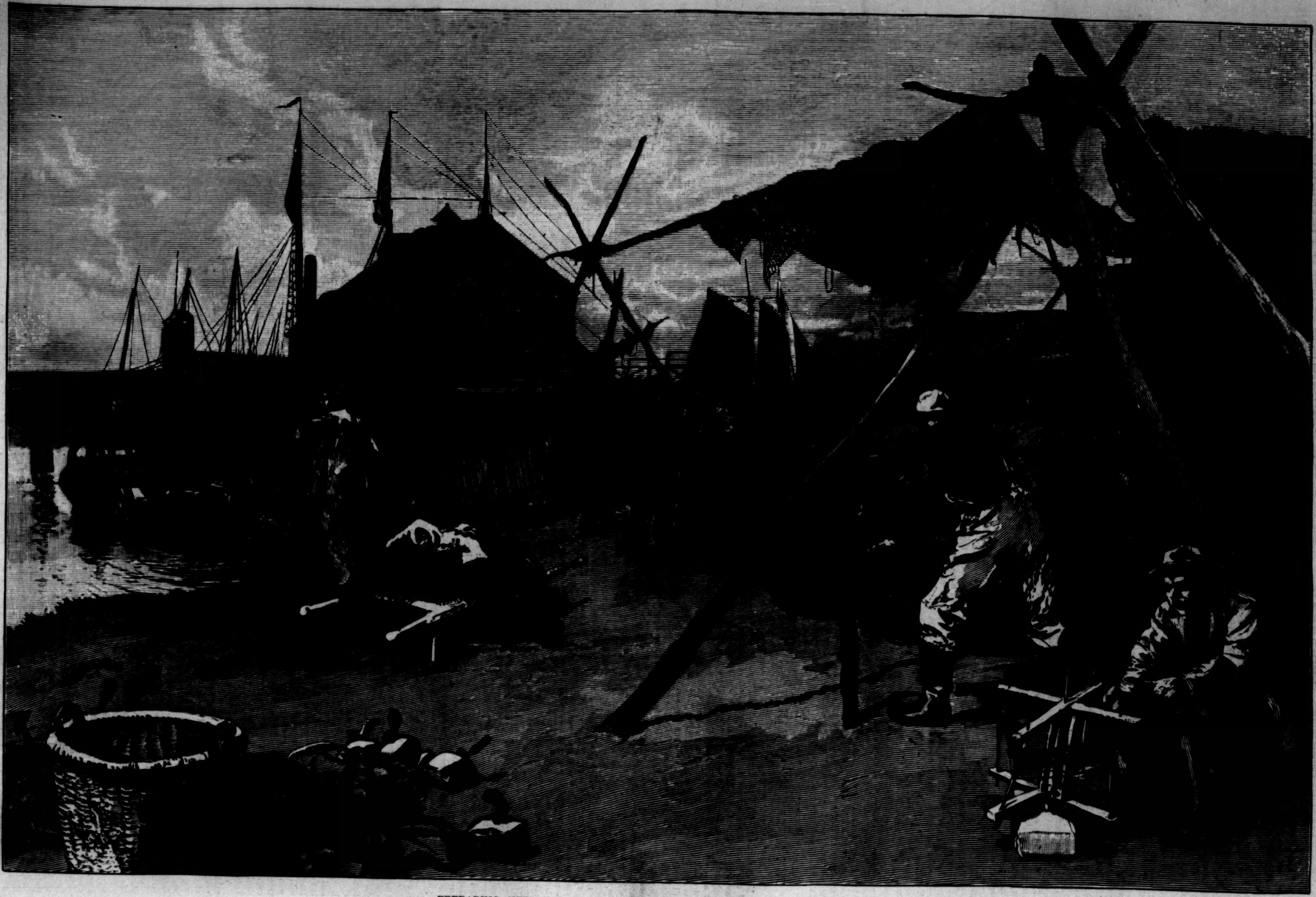
Tijuaca, near Rio Janeiro, *March* 5, 1889.



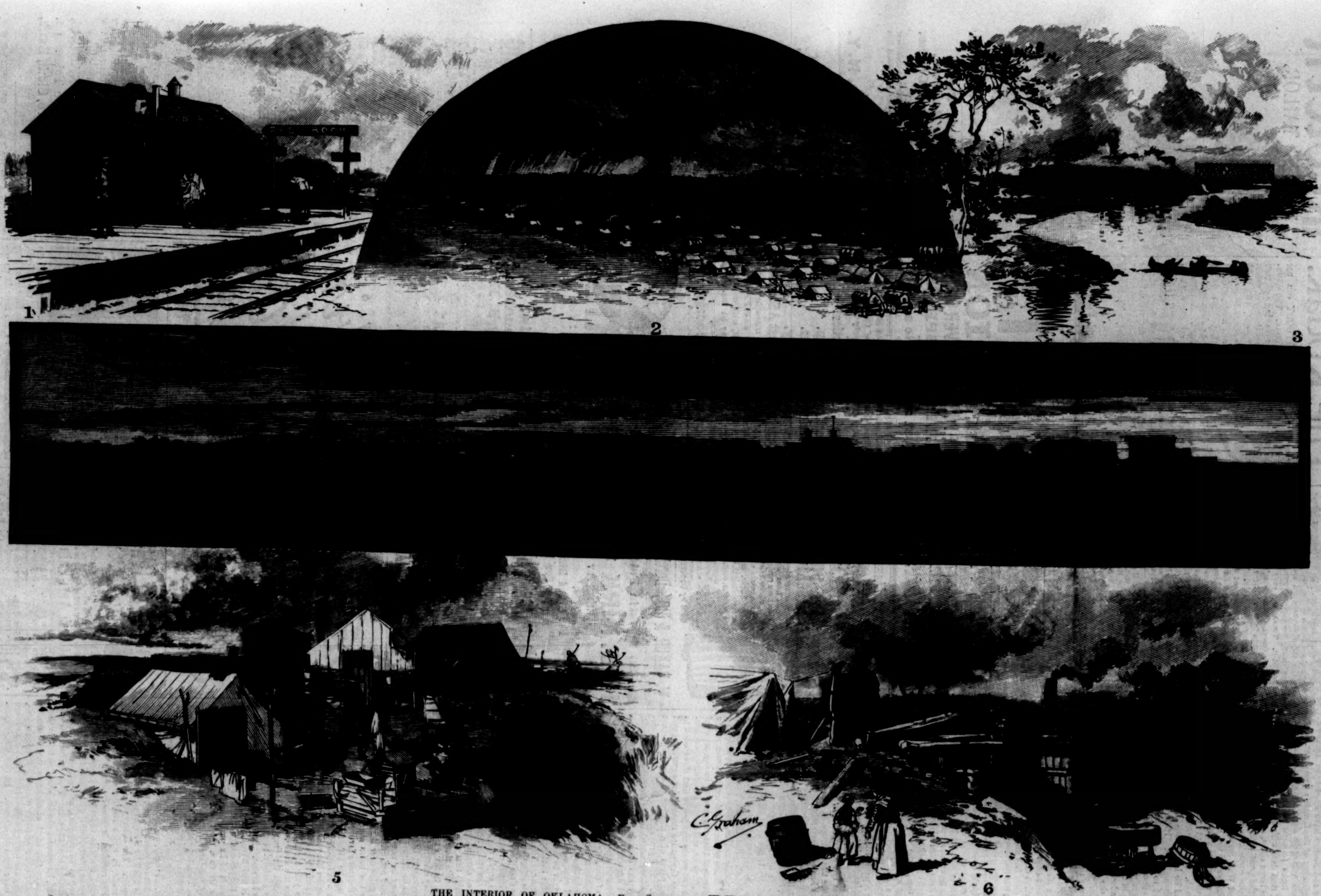
A CITIZEN.

"They say, Pat, that it's only the owld citizens av Ameriky that find favor wid de Gineral Washington Cintennial Committee."

"An' it's not wid de committee I bothered myself at all. I wrote to Gineral Washington himself, an' if he's a gintleman he'll be after favorin' a citizen pwhat landid in Ameriky six months ago last Widnisday."



PREPARING NETS FOR SHAD FISHING.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 303.]



THE INTERIOR OF OKLAHOMA.—From Sketches by W. V. Herancourt.—[See Page 306.]

1. Red Rock Station, on the Cherokee Strip, Indian Territory. 2. Boomers waiting on the Kansas and Oklahoma Border. 3. Salt Fork, a Branch of the Arkansas River. 4. Purcell, Indian Territory, on the West Bank of the Canadian River. 5. A Group of Boomers' Tents on the Border Line near Purcell. 6. A Boomer's "Dug-Out," on the Banks of the Canadian River.

A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK.

Custom and Nature have fixed upon April 1st as the beginning of the farmer's fiscal year. For this reason a largely agricultural country like our own looks forward to the business settlements of that date with a great deal of interest. All of the large cities, and especially New York, which is the great reserve centre of the country, have to take cognizance of the farmer's financial needs, and Wall Street, which is nothing if not the barometer of the country, reflects in many different ways the wide-spread interest that is taken in this important event. All of this is natural enough. The farmer is the principal producer and he is also the largest consumer of the staple commodities. If he has a bad year and is compelled to extend, increase, or default upon his obligations, the disaster is not his alone, but in the aggregate affects those with whom he deals, and they in turn impart the unpleasant influence to the trade centres, and so on until the financial head of the nation feels the hurt its members have experienced.

This year the April settlements were effected with much less disturbance than usual, and this is the more remarkable since the last crop year was not a phenomenal one. On the contrary, a short wheat crop was a serious misfortune to a large portion of the agricultural community. The yield of corn has about made up in the aggregate this loss, but the result cannot be equalized among the producers. Now that the April settlements are out of the way without having caused more than a ripple upon the surface of the money market, we come to the important fact that almost simultaneous with their disappearance as a factor in the financial situation a decided change appears to have taken place in business sentiment as reflected upon the Stock Exchange. For many months the people whose business it is to study the money and security markets have been watching with almost touching earnestness for signs of fair weather. Wall Street has been fortunate in escaping a panic the last two years. The extensive liquidation has taken the form of a chronic disorder rather than an acute disease. The suffering has not been the less painful on this account, since the patience as well as the nerves of the street has been severely tested.

The general business situation is still far from fulfilling the ideal conditions that some people hope for, but a point has been reached where it seems worth while to question if a turn in the tide of affairs is not at hand. To the casual observer the stock-market would seem to indicate such an event. But the stock-market is rarely free from manipulation, hence cannot be accepted as an infallible guide. Besides, it is now pretty well understood that the decline in the price of Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe securities reached about two weeks ago prices that threatened to demoralize the entire market for securities, and upset the plans of a number of very important interests. The probable outcome of these circumstances was outlined in this column last week. Necessity has apparently brought to terms the two most aggressive competitors engaged in the transportation business in the Southwest. The results of pending negotiations for an alliance will probably not be made public until after the financial backers of the Atchison company have obtained control of its management, as they are very certain to do. This accounts partially for the change that has taken place in the speculative temper. There are other and more patent and more effective reasons.

In the first place, Secretary Windom has by his action virtually announced his policy. He has begun to apply the surplus funds of the government to the retirement of its four per cent. obligations at current quotations, leaving the four-and-a-halfs that are not turned in at his price—which for the time being is 108—to be dealt with on such terms as the government may dictate when they mature two years hence. The deposits of government funds in national banks are unlikely to be disturbed by the depositor. Secondly, it may be noted that railroad earnings, both gross and net, are in nearly every case showing steady gains over those of last year. During the winter the bears argued that the increase was due to the more favorable weather this year, hence could not be maintained. The improvement in March was belittled by comparison with the blizzard season last year. But now that April returns, in spite of a reported smaller volume of business than a year ago, show almost uniform gains, the sceptics are dumb.

Though the crop year has only fairly opened, it has already begun to give promise of a large wheat harvest. Should that promise not be realized, it will have done good service in breaking down the price of wheat held speculatively, so as to permit of its purchase for export. And this brings us to a most satisfactory development, namely, the large increase in the value of our exports. This, together with a fresh foreign demand for American securities, bids fair to prevent any considerable shipments of specie to Europe this spring. Finally, we may note the improvement in the volume of general trade, which has been attended this week by a slight rise in the average price of staples. The better tone has extended to the iron trade, in which the demand for structural iron has resulted in firmer prices. The anthracite coal trade is viewed with less satisfaction than some others, but the big demand for the year has yet to be supplied, and present prices are stimulating consumption. That trade is so well in hand, its success can be be safely left to those who have the most at stake in it. Of course there are other and less pleasing circumstances, but they are fewer and less important than those that have been mentioned. In fact the preponderance of evidence seems to establish that there are sound reasons for the reflected brightness in Wall Street.

C. A.

New York, Saturday, April 13, 1889.

A LIFE MADE MISERABLE

By dyspepsia is scarcely worth the living. A capricious appetite, heartburn, puzzling nervous symptoms, increased action of the heart after eating, sinking in the abdomen between meals, and flatulence after, are among the successive *indicia* of this harassing complaint. Two things only are needful for its removal. A resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and persistence in its use. These remedial measures being adopted, a cure is certain. Taken immediately before or after meals, this great stomachic promotes secretion of the gastric juice, the natural solvent of the food. The nervous and bilious symptoms consequent upon chronic indigestion disappear, as the complaint gradually yields to the corrective and invigorating influence of the Bitters. Appetite returns, sleep becomes more refreshing, and, as a sequence, the body is efficiently nourished, muscular power increases, and the mind grows sanguine. Use the Bitters for chills and fever, and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

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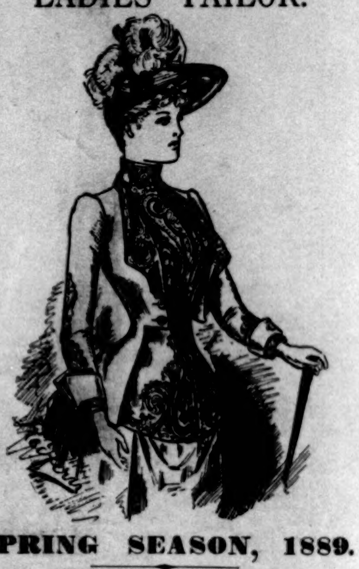

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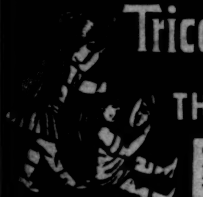

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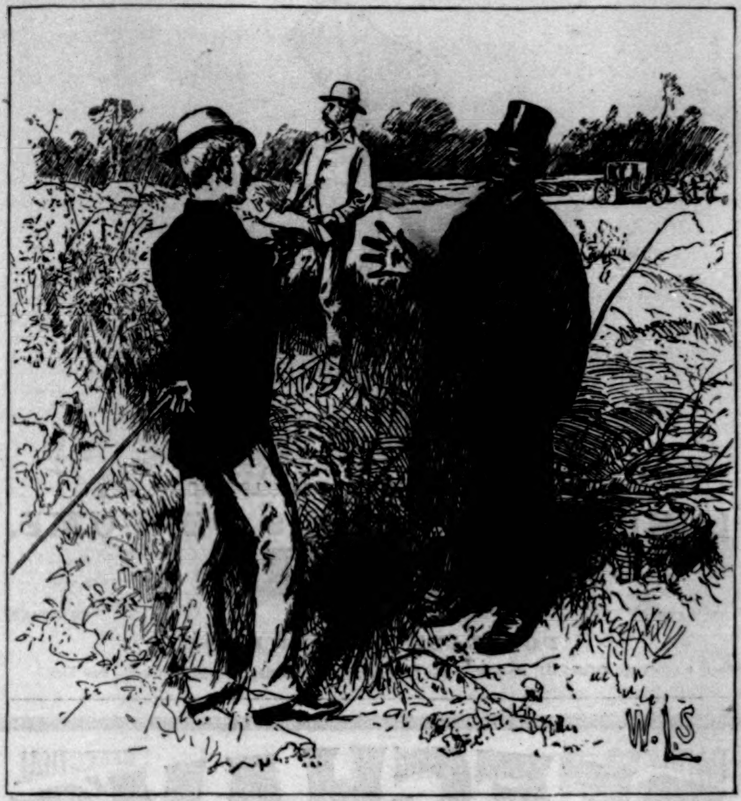

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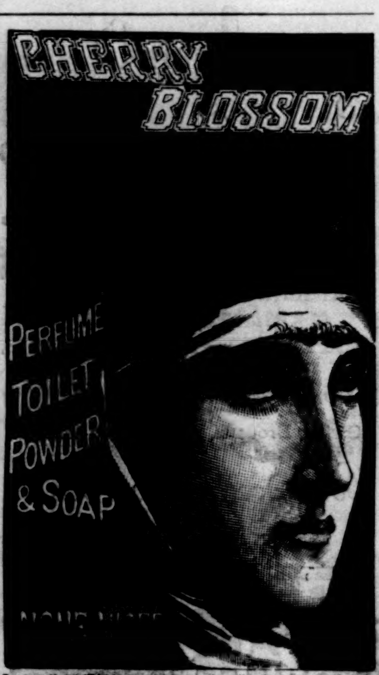

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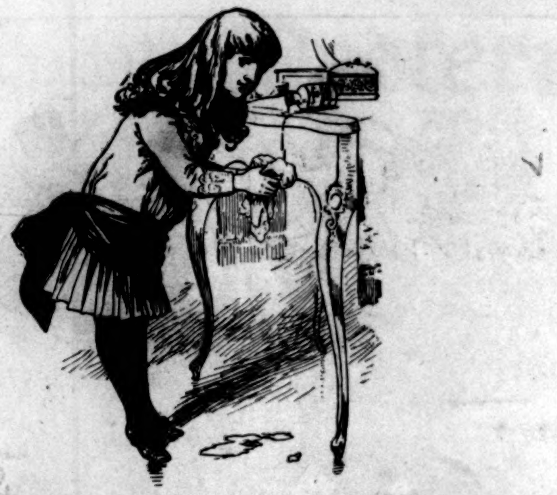

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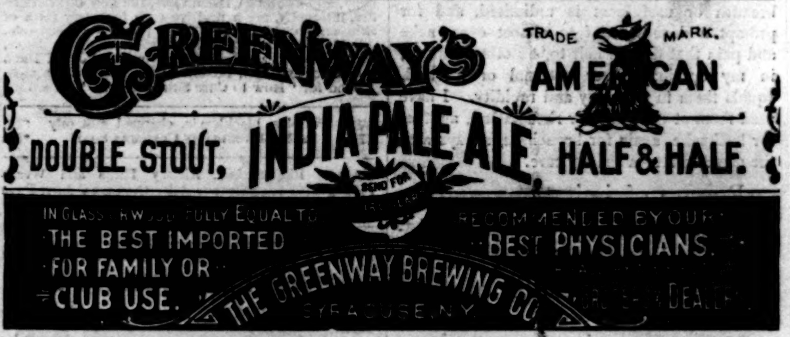

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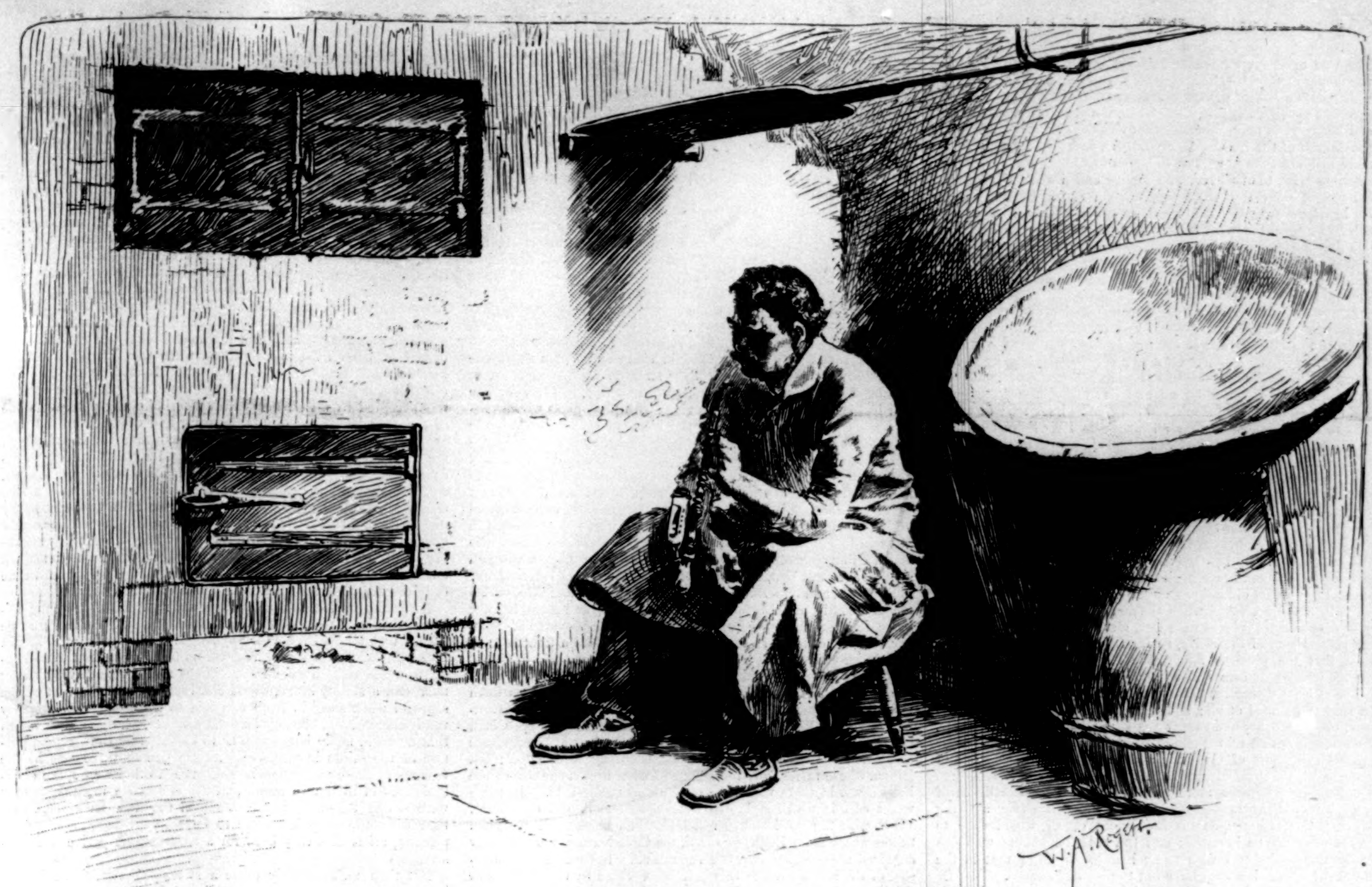


"ONE NIGHT, AS HE SAT BESIDE THE OVEN SMOKING HIS SECOND PIPE, HE FOUND HIMSELF THINKING."

A ROMANCE OF TOMPKINS SQUARE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

WHETHER the honey shall be brought to the boiling-point slowly or rapidly; whether it shall boil a long time or a short time; when and in what quantities the flour shall be added; how long the kneading shall last; in what size of earthen pot the dough shall be stored, and what manner of cover upon these pots best preserves the dough against the assaults of damp and mould; whether the pots shall be half buried in the cool earth of the cellar or ranged on shelves to be freely exposed to the cool cellar air—all these several matters are enshrouded in a mystery that is penetrated only by the elect few of Nürnberg bakers by whom perfect lebkuchen is made. And the same is true of the Brunswick bakers, who call this rare compound honigkuchen, and of the makers of Pferfferkuchen, as it is called by the bakers of Saxony.

Nor does the mystery end here. This first stage in the making of lebkuchen is but means to an end, and for the compassing of that end—the blending and the baking of the finished and perfect honey-cake—each master-baker has his own especial recipe, that has come down to him from some ancestral baker of rare parts, or that by his own inborn genius has been directly inspired. And so, whether the toothsome result be Nürnberger lebkuchen, or Brunsscheiger peppernotte, or Basler leckerly, the making of it is a mystery from first to last.

It was because of this mystery that the life of Gottlieb Brekel had been embittered for nearly twenty years—ever since, in fact, his first essay in the compounding of Nürnberger lebkuchen had been made. He was but a young baker then: now he was an old one, and notwithstanding the guarded praise of friends and the partial approval of the public (notably of that portion of the public under the age of ten years that attended St. Bridget's Parochial School) he full well knew that his efforts through all these years to make, in New York, lebkuchen such as he himself had eaten when he was a boy, at home in Nürnberg, had been neither more nor less than a long series of failures.

In the hopeful days of his apprenticeship all had seemed so easy before him. Let him but have a little shop, and then a little capital wherewith to lay in his supply of honey, and the thing would be done! He had no recipe, it is true; for he was a baker not by heredity, but by selection. Yet from a wise old baker he had gleaned the knowledge of honey-cake making, and he believed strongly that from the pure fount of his own genius he could draw a formula for the making of lebkuchen so excellent that compared with it all other lebkuchen would seem tasteless. But these were the bright dreams of youth, which age had refused to realize.

In course of time the little shop became an accomplished fact; a very little shop it was in East Fourth Street. Capital came more slowly, and three several times, when a sum almost sufficient had been saved, was it diverted from its destined purpose of buying the honey without which Gottlieb could not make even a beginning in his triumphal lebkuchen career.

His first accumulation was swept away through the conquest of Ambition by Love. In this case Love was personified in one Minna Schaus—who was not by any means a typical sturdy German lass, with laughing looks and stalwart ways, but a daintily finished golden-haired maiden, with soft blue eyes full of tenderness, and a gentleness of manner that Gottlieb thought—and with more reason than lovers sometimes think things of this sort—was very like the manner of an angel. And for love of her Gottlieb forgot for a while his high resolves in regard to lebkuchen making; and on the altar of his affections—in part to pay for his modest wedding feast, in part to pay for the modest outfit for their housekeeping over the bakery—the money laid aside for the filling of his honey-pots very willingly was offered up.

A second time were his honey-pots sacrificed, that the coming into the world of the little Minna might be made smooth. This also was a willing sacrifice; though in his heart of hearts Gottlieb felt a twinge of regret that his first-born was not a son, to whom the fame and fortune incident to the making of perfect lebkuchen might descend. But he was a philosopher in his way, and did not suffer himself to be seriously disconcerted by an accident that by no means was irreparable. As he smoked his long pipe that night, while the bread was baking, he said to himself, cheerily: "It is a girl. Yes, that is easy. Girls sprout everywhere; they are like grass. But a boy, and a boy who is to grow up into such a baker as my boy will be—ah, that is another matter. But patience, Gottlieb; all in good time." Then, when his third pipe was finished—which was his measure of time for the baking—he fetched out the sweet-smelling hot bread from the oven with his long peel, and set forth upon his round of delivery. And he whistled a mellow old Nürnberg air as he pushed his cart through the streets before him that frosty morning, and in his heart he thanked the good God who had sent him the blessings of a dear wife and a sweet little daughter and a growing trade.

And yet once more were his honey-pots sacrificed, and this time the sacrifice was sad indeed. From the day that the little Minna came into the world his own Minna, as in a little while was but too plain to him, began to make ready to leave it. As the weeks went by, the little strength that at first had come to her was lost again; the faint color faded from her cheeks, and left them so wan that through the fair skin the blue veins showed in most delicate tracery; and as her dear eyes ever grew gentler and more loving, the light slowly went out from them. So within the year the end came. In that great sorrow Gottlieb forgot his ambition, and cared not, when the bills were paid, that his honey-pots still remained unfilled. For the care of his home and of little Minna his good sister Hedwig came to him. Very drearily, for a long while, the work of the bakery went on.

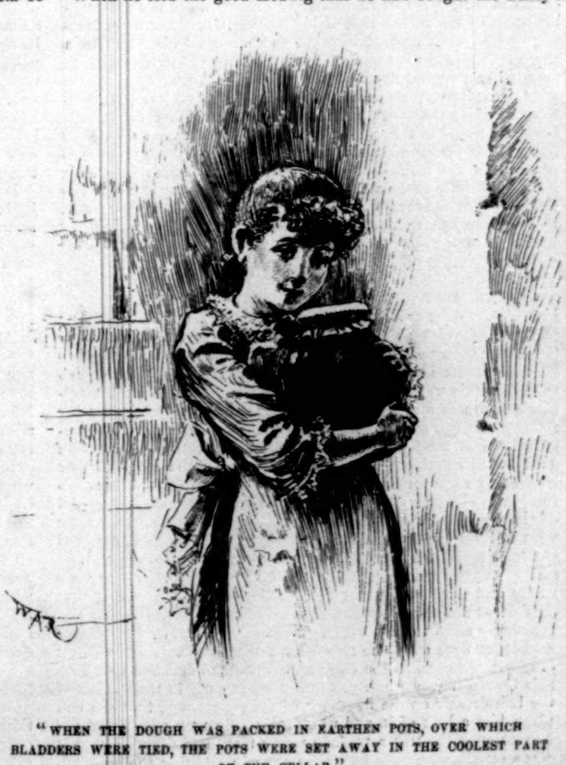
But a strong man, stirred by a strong purpose, does not relinquish that purpose lightly; and the one redeeming feature of the life of many sorrows which in this world we all are condemned to live is that even the bitterest sorrow is softened by time. But for this partial relief our race no doubt would have been extinguished ages ago in a madness wrought of grief and rage.

Gottlieb's strong purpose was to make the best lebkuchen that baker ever baked. After a fashion his sorrow healed, as the flesh heals about a bullet that has gone too deep to be extracted by the surgeon's craft, and while it was with him always, and not seldom sent through all his being thrills of pain, he bore it hidden from the world, and went about his work again. Working comforted him. The baking of bread is an employment that is at once soothing and sustaining. As a man kneads the spongy dough he has good exercise and wholesome time for thought. While the baking goes on he may smoke and meditate. The smell of the newly baked bread is a pleasant smell, and brings with it pleasant thoughts of many people well nourished in the eating of it. Moreover, there is no time in the whole twenty-four hours when a city is so innocent, so like the quiet honest country-side, as that time in the crisp morning when a baker goes his rounds.

As Gottlieb found himself refreshed and strengthened by these manifold good influences of his gentle trade, his burden of sorrow was softened to him and made easier to bear. Comforting thoughts of the little Minna—growing to be a fine little lass now—stole in upon him, and within him the hope arose that she would grow to be like the dear mother whom she never had known. So the little fine roots of a new love struck down into his sad heart; and presently the sweet plant of love began to grow for him again, casting its delicate tendrils strongly about the child, who truly was a part of the being about which his earlier and stronger love had clung. Yet the love that thus was re-established in Gottlieb's breast was far from filling it, and so for ambition there was ample room.

Somewhat to his surprise, one night, as he sat beside the oven smoking his second pipe, he found himself thinking once more about his project for making such lebkuchen as never yet had been known outside of Nürnberg—lebkuchen that would make him at once the admiration and the despair of every German baker in New York. Nor was there, as he perceived as he turned the matter over in his mind, any reason now why he should not set about making this project a reality, for he had money enough, and more than enough, in store to buy the honey that he had so long desired. His eyes sparkled; he forgot to smoke; and when he turned again, half-unconsciously, to his pipe, it had gone out. This roused him. The brightness faded from his eyes; he drew a long sigh. Then he lighted his pipe again, and until the baking was ended his thoughts no longer were busied with ambitious schemes for the making of lebkuchen, but went back with a sad tenderness to the happy time that had come so quickly to so cruel an end.

But the spark was kindled, and presently the fire burned. When he told the good Hedwig that he had bought the honey at



"WHEN THE DOUGH WAS PACKED IN EARTHEN POTS, OVER WHICH BLADDERS WERE TIED, THE POTS WERE SET AWAY IN THE COOLEST PART OF THE CELLAR."

last, that excellent woman—albeit not much given to display of the tender emotions—shed tears of joy. She was a sturdy, thick-waisted, stout-ankled person, this Aunt Headwig, with a cheery red face, and prodigiously fine white teeth, and very bright black eyes; and her taste in dress was such that when of a Sunday she went to the Church of the Redemptorist Fathers, in Third Street, she was more brilliant than ever King Solomon was in all his glory, in her startling array of vivid reds and greens and blues. But beneath her violent exterior of energetic color she had a warm and faithful heart, as little Minna knew already, and as her brother Gottlieb had known for many a long good year. Therefore was Gottlieb now gladdened by her hearty show of sympathy; and he returned with a good will the sounding smack that she gave him with her red lips, and the strong hug that she gave him with her stout arms.

It was at sight of this pleasing manifestation of affection that Herr Sohnstein, the notary—who was present in the little room back of the shop where it occurred—at once declared that he meant to buy some honey too. And Aunt Hedwig, smiling so generously as to show every one of her fine white teeth, promptly told him that he had better be off and buy it, because perhaps he could buy at the same place some hugs and kisses too: at which sally and quick repartee they all laughed. Herr Sohnstein long had been a declared lover of Aunt Hedwig's, and long had been held at arm's-length (quite literally occasionally) by that vigorous person, who believed, because of her good heart, that her present duty was not to consult her own happiness by becoming Frau Sohnstein, but to remain the Fräulein Brekel, and care for her lonely brother and her brother's child.

Being thus encouraged, Gottlieb bought the honey forthwith; and with Aunt Hedwig's zealous assistance set about boiling it and straining it and kneading it into a sticky dough, all in accordance with the wise old baker's directions that he so long had treasured in his mind. And when the dough was packed in earthen pots, over which bladders were tied, all the pots were set away in the coolest part of the cellar, as far from the great oven as possible, that the precious honey-cake might undergo that subtle change which only comes with time.

For at least a year must pass before the honey-cake really can be said to be good at all; and the longer that it remains in the pots, even until five-and-twenty years, the better does it become. Therefore it is that all makers of lebkuchen who aspire to become famous professors of the craft add each year to their stock of honey-cake, yet draw always from the oldest pots a time-soaked dough that ever grows more precious in its sweet excellence of age. Thus large sums—more hundreds of dollars than a young baker, just starting upon his farinacious career, would dare to dream of—may be invested; and the old rich bakers who can dower their daughters with many honey-pots know that in the matter of sons-in-law they have but to pick and choose.

It was about Christmas-time—which is the proper time for this office—that Gottlieb made his first honey-cake; and it was a little before the Christmas following that his first lebkuchen was baked. For a whole week before this portentous event occurred he was in a nervous tremor; by day he scarcely slept; as he sat beside the oven at night his pipe so frequently went out that twice, having thus lost track of time, his baking of bread came near to being toast. And when at last the fateful night arrived that saw his first batch of lebkuchen in the oven, he actually forgot to smoke at all!

Gottlieb had but a sorry Christmas that year. The best that even Aunt Hedwig could say of his lebkuchen was that it was not bad. Herr Sohnstein, to be sure, brazenly declared that it was delicious; but Gottlieb remembered that Herr Sohnstein, who conducted a flourishing practice in the criminal courts, was trained in the art of romantic deviations from the truth whenever it was necessary to put a good face on a bad cause; and he observed sadly that the notary's teeth were at variance with his tongue, for the piece of lebkuchen that Herr Sohnstein ate was infinitessimally small. As for the regular German customers of the bakery, they simply bit one single bite and then refused to buy. Indeed, but for the children from St. Bridget's School—who, being for the most part boys, and Irish boys at that, presumably could eat anything—it is not impossible that that first baking of lebkuchen might have remained uneaten even until this present day. And it was due mainly to the stout stomachs of successive generations of these enterprising boys that the series of experiments that Gottlieb then began in the making of lebkuchen was brought, in the course of years, to something like a satisfactory conclusion. But even at its best, never was this lebkuchen at all like that of which in his hopeful youth he had dreamed.

Herr Sohnstein, to be sure, spoke highly of it, and even managed to eat of it quite considerable quantities. Gottlieb did not imagine that Herr Sohnstein could have in this matter any ulterior motives; but Aunt Hedwig much more than half suspected that in order to please her by pleasing her brother he was making a sacrifice of his stomach to his heart. If this theory had any foundation in fact, it is certain that Herr Sohnstein did not appreciably profit by his gallant risk of indigestion; for while Aunt Hedwig by no means seemed disposed to shatter all his hopes by a sharp refusal, she gave no indication whatever of any intention to permit her ripe red lips to utter the longed-for word of assent. Aunt Hedwig, unquestionably, was needlessly cruel in her treatment of Herr Sohnstein, and he frequently told her so. Sometimes he would ask her, with a fine irony, if she meant to keep him waiting for his answer until her brother had made lebkuchen as good as the lebkuchen of Nürnberg? To which invariably she would reply that, in the first place, she did not know of any question that he ever had asked her that required an answer; and, in the second place, that she did mean to keep him waiting just precisely that long. And then she would add, with a delicate drollery that was all her own, that whenever he got tired of waiting he might hire a whole horse-car all to himself and ride right away. Ah, this Aunt Hedwig had a funny way with her!

And so the years slipped by; and little Minna, who laughed at the passing years as merrily as Aunt Hedwig laughed at Herr Sohnstein, grew up into a blithe, trig, round maiden, and ceased to be little Minna at all. She was her mother over again, Gottlieb said; but this was not by any means true. She did have her mother's goodness and sweetness, but her sturdy body bespoke her father's stronger strain. Aunt Hedwig, of this same strain, undisguisedly was stocky. Minna was only comfortably stout, with good broad shoulders, and an honest round waist that anybody with half an eye for waists could see would be a satisfactory armful. And she had also Aunt Hedwig's constant cheeriness. All day long her laugh sounded happily through the house, or her voice went blithely in happy talk, or, failing anybody to talk to, trilled out some scrap of a sweet old German song. The two apprentices and the young man who drove the bread-wagon of course were wildly and desperately in love with her—a tender passion that they dared not disclose to its object, but that they frequently and boastingly aired to each other. Naturally these interchanges of confidence were apt to be somewhat tempestuous. As the result of one of them, when the elder apprentice had declared that Minna's beautiful brown hair was finer than any wig in the window of the hair-dresser on the west side of the square, and that she had given him a lock of it, and when the young man who drove the bread-wagon (he was a profane young man) had declared that it was a verdammter sight finer than any wig, and that she hadn't—the elder apprentice got a dreadful black eye, and the younger apprentice was almost smothered in the dough-trough, and the young man who drove the bread-wagon had his head broken with the peel that was broken over it. Aunt Hedwig did not need to be told, nor did Minna, the little jade, the cause of this direful combat; and both of these amiable women thought Gottlieb very hard-hearted because he charged the broken peel—it was a new one—and the considerable amount of dough that was wasted by sticking to the younger apprentice's person, against the wages of the three combatants.

This reference to the apprentices and to the wagon shows that Gottlieb's bakery no longer was a small bakery, but a large one. In the making of lebkuchen, it is true, he had not prospered; but in all other ways he had prospered amazingly. From Avenue A over to the East River, and from far below Tompkins Square clear away to the upper regions of Lexington Avenue, the young man who drove the bread-wagon rattled along every morning as hard as ever he could go, and he vowed and declared, this young man did, that nothing but his love for Minna kept him in a place where all the year round he was compelled in every single day to do the work of two. Meanwhile the little shop on East Fourth Street had been abandoned for a bigger shop, and this, in turn, for one still bigger—quite a palace of a shop, with plate-glass windows—on Avenue B. It was here, beginning in a modest way with a couple of tables whereat chance hungry people might sit while they ate zwieback or a thick slice of hearty pumpernickel and drank a glass of milk, that a restaurant was established as a tender to the bakery. It did not set out to be a large restaurant, and in fact never became one. In the back part of the shop were a dozen tables, covered with oil-cloth and decorated with red napkins, and at these tables, under the especial direction of Aunt Hedwig, who was a culinary genius, was served a limited, but from a German stand-point most toothsome, bill of fare. There was Hasenpfeffer mit Spätzle, and Sauerbraten mit Kartoffelklösse, and Rindfleisch mit Meerrettig, and Bratwurst mit Rothkraut; and Aunt Hedwig made delicious coffee, and the bakery of course provided all manner of sweet cakes. In the summer-time they did a famous business in ice-cream.

On the plate-glass windows, beneath the sweeping curve of white letters in which the name of the owner of the bakery was set forth was added in smaller letters the words "Café Nürnberger." Gottlieb and Aunt Hedwig and the man who made the sign (this last, however, for the venal reason that more letters would be required) had stood out stoutly for the honest German "Kaffehaus"; but Minna, whose tastes were refined, had insisted upon the use of the French word: there was more style about it, she said. And this was a case in which style was wedded to substantial excellence. What with the good things which Gottlieb baked and the good things which Aunt Hedwig cooked, the Café Nürnberger presently acquired a somewhat enviable reputation. It became even a resort of the aristocracy, in this case represented by the dwellers in the handsome houses on the eastern and northern sides of Tompkins Square. Of winter evenings, when bright gas-light and a big glowing stove made the restaurant a very cozy place indeed, large parties of these aristocrats would drop in on their way home from the Thalia Theatre, and would stuff themselves with Hasenpfeffer and Sauerbraten and Kartoffelklösse, and swig Aunt Hedwig's strong coffee (out of cups big enough and thick enough to have served as shells and been fired from a mortar), until it would seem as though they must certainly crack their aristocratic skins.

Altogether, Gottlieb was in a flourishing line of business; and but for the deep sorrow that time never could wholly heal, and but for the continued failure of his attempts to make a really excellent lebkuchen, he would have been a very happy man. By this time he had come to be a baker of ease. The hard part of the work was done by the apprentices, and the morning delivery of bread was attended to by the young man who drove the bread-wagon. In the summer-time he would take Minna and Aunt Hedwig, always accompanied by her faithful Herr Sohnstein, upon beer-drinking expeditions to Guttenberg and other fashionable suburban resorts; and through the long winter evenings he smoked his long pipe comfortably in the little room at the back of the shop, where Minna and Aunt Hedwig sat with him, and where Herr Sohnstein, also smoking a long pipe, usually sat with him too. Sometimes Minna would sing sweet German songs to them, accompanying herself very creditably upon a cabinet organ—for Minna had received not only the substantial education that enabled her to keep the bakery accounts, but also had been instructed in the polite accomplishments of music and the dance. In summer, when expeditions were not on foot, these smoking parties usually were held upon the roof, where Gottlieb had made a garden and grew roses in pots, and even had raised some rare and delicious cauliflowers.

It was a pleasant place, that roof, of a warm summer evening, especially when the rising full-moon sent a shimmering path of glory over the rippling waters of the East River, and cast over the bad-smelling region of Hunter's Point a glamour of golden haze that made it seem, oil tanks and all, a bit of fairy-land. At such times, as they sat among the rose-bushes and cauliflowers, Herr Sohnstein not infrequently would stop smoking his long pipe while he slyly squeezed Aunt Hedwig's plump hand. And Gottlieb also would stop smoking, as his thoughts wandered away along that glittering path across the waters, and so up to heaven, where his Minna was. And then his thoughts would return to earth, to his little Minna—for to him she still was but a child—and he would find his sorrow lessened in thankfulness that, while his greatest treasure was lost to him, this good daughter and so many other good things still were his.

But the lebkuchen dream of Gottlieb's youth remained unrealized; still unattained was the goal that twenty years before had seemed so near. However, being a stout-hearted baker of the solid Nürnberg strain, he did not at all surrender hope. Each year he added to his stock of honey-cake; and he knew that when fortune favored him at last, as he still believed that fortune would favor him, he would have in store such honey-cake as would enable him to make lebkuchen fit to be eaten by the Kaiser himself!

After the affair of the broken peel there was a coolness between Gottlieb and the elder apprentice, which, increasing, led to a positive coldness, and then to a separation. And then it was that Fate put a large spoke in all the wheels which ran in the Café Nürnberg by bringing into Gottlieb's employment a ruddy young Nürnberger, lately come out of that ancient city to America, named Hans Kuhn.

It was not chance that led Hans to earn his living in a bakery when he came to New York. He was a born baker: a baker by choice, by force of natural genius, by hereditary right. Back in the dusk of the Middle Ages, as far as ever the traditions of his family and the records of the Guild of Bakers of Nürnburg ran, all the men of his race had been bakers, and famous ones at that. A cumulative destiny to bake was upon him, and he loved baking with all his heart. It was no desire to abandon his craft that had led him to leave Nürnburg and cross the ocean; rather was he moved by a noble ambition to build up on a broad and sure foundation the noble art of baking in the New World. And it had chanced, moreover, that in the conscription he had drawn an unlucky number.

When this young man entered the Café Nürnberg—being drawn thither by its display of the name of his own native city—and asked for a job, his air was so frank, his talk about baking so intelligent, that Gottlieb took kindly to him at once; and Minna, sitting demurely at her accounts in the little wire cage over which was a fine tin sign inscribed in golden letters with the word "Cashier," was mightily well pleased, in a demure and proper way, at sight of his ruddy cheeks, and bushy shock of light brown hair, and little yellow mustache, and honest blue eyes. When he told, in answer to Gottlieb's questions, that he was the grandson of the very baker in Nürnberg whose delicious lebkuchen Gottlieb had eaten when he was a boy, and that a part of his bakerly equipment was the lebkuchen recipe that had come down in his family from the baker genius, his remote ancestor, who had invented it—well, when he had told this much about himself, it is not surprising that Gottlieb fairly jumped for joy, and engaged him, not as his apprentice, but as his assistant, on the spot.

It was rather dashing to Gottlieb's enthusiasm, however, that his assistant—thereby manifesting a shrewd worldly wisdom—declined immediately to impart his secret. He would make all the lebkuchen that was required, he said, but for the present he need not tell how it was made—possibly the Herr Brekel might not be satisfied with it after all. But the Herr Brekel was satisfied with it, and so was all the neighborhood when the first batch of lebkuchen was baked and placed on sale. Indeed, as the fame of this delicious lebkuchen went abroad, the coming of the new baker was accepted by all Germans with discriminating palates as one of the most important events that ever had occurred on the East Side. The work of the young man who drove the bread-wagon was so greatly increased that he organized a strike, uniting in his own person the several functions of strikers, walking delegates, district assembly, and executive committee. And when the strike collapsed—that is to say, when the young man was summarily discharged—Gottlieb really did find it necessary to hire two new young men, and to buy an extra horse and wagon. Morally speaking, therefore (although the original young man, who remained out of employment for several weeks, and had a pretty hard time of it, did not think so), the strike was a complete success.

As a matter of course no well-set-up, right-thinking young fellow of three-and-twenty could go on baking lebkuchen in the same bakery with Minna Brekel for any length of time without falling in love with her. Nor was it reasonable to suppose that even Minna, who had treated casual apprentices and wagon-driving young men with a seemly scorn, would continue to sit in the seat of the scornful when siege in form was laid to her heart by a properly ruddy-cheeked and blue-eyed assistant baker, whose skill was such that he could make lebkuchen fit to be eaten by the German portion of the saints in paradise. At the end of three months the feelings of these young people toward each other were quite clearly defined in their own minds; at the end of six months, as they were sitting together one afternoon in the little back room at a time when the shop happened to be empty, things came to the pleasing crisis that they both for a considerable period had foreseen.

But then unfortunately came a storm—that neither of them had foreseen at all—that shook the Café Nürnberg to its very foundations!

Gottlieb was the storm, and he moved over a wide area with great rapidity and violence. He was central, naturally, over Hans and Minna, the first of whom, after being denounced with great energy as a viper who had been warmed to the biting point, was ordered to take himself off without a single instant's delay, and never to darken the doors of the Café Nürnberg again, and the second of whom was declared to be a baby fool, who must be kept locked up in her own third-story back room, and fed on nothing more appetizing than pumpernickel and water until she came to her senses. In the outer edges of the storm the apprentices and the young men who drove the wagons found themselves most hotly involved, and a very violent gust swept down upon Aunt Hedwig and Herr Sohnstein, who surely were as innocent in the premises as any two people quite satisfactorily engaged in earnest but somewhat dilatory love-making of their own very well could be. Indeed this storm was an ill wind that blew a famous blast of luck to Herr Sohnstein, for Aunt Hedwig, being dreadfully upset by her brother's outbreak, went of her own accord to Herr Sohnstein for sympathy and consolation: and found both in such liberal quantities, and with them such tender pleadings to enter a matrimonial haven where storms should be unknown, that presently, smiling through her tears, she uttered the words of consent for which the excellent notary had waited loyally through more than a dozen weary years. It was Herr Sohnstein's turn to be upset then. He couldn't believe, until he had soothed himself with a phenomenal number of pipes, that happiness so perfect could be real.

Possibly one reason why Gottlieb's storm was so violent was that he could not give any good reason for it. Hans really was a most estimable young man; he came of a good family; as a baker he was nothing short of a genius. All this Gottlieb knew, and all this he frequently had said to Aunt Hedwig and to Herr Sohnstein, and, worst of all, to Minna. As each of these persons now pointed out to him, in order to be consistent in his new position he must eat a great many of his own words; and he would have essayed this indigestible banquet willingly had he been convinced that thus he really could have proved that Hans was a viper and all the other unpleasant things that he had called him in his wrath. In truth Gottlieb was, and in the depths of his heart he knew that he was, neither more nor less than a dog in the manger. His feeling simply was that Minna was his Minna, and that neither Hans nor anybody else had any right to her. This was not a position that admitted of logical defence; but it was one that he could be ugly and stick to: which was precisely what he did.

Minna did not remain long a prisoner in her own room, feeding upon pumpernickel and water and bitter thoughts. Aunt Hedwig and Herr Sohnstein succeeded in putting a stop to that cruelty. And these elderly lovers, whose fresh love had made them of a sudden as young as Minna herself, and had filled them with a warm sympathy for her, laid their heads together and sought earnestly to circumvent in her interest her father's stern decree. It was a joy to see this picture, in the little room back of the shop, of middle-aged love-making; and it was a little startling to find how the new youth that their love had given them had filled them with a quite extravagantly youthful recklessness. Herr Sohnstein, who was well known as a grave, sedate, and unusually cautious notary, seriously suggested (though he did not explain exactly how this would do it) that they should make an effort to bring Gottlieb to terms by burning down the bakery. And Aunt Hedwig, whose prudent temperament was sufficiently disclosed in the fact that she had hesitated in the matter of her own love affair for upward of a dozen years, not less seriously advanced the proposition that they all should elope from the Café Nürnberg and set up a rival establishment! Herr Sohnstein did not make any audible comment upon Aunt Hedwig's violent proposal, but it evidently put an idea into his head.

As Gottlieb happened to be walking along the south side of Tompkins Square, a fortnight or so after the tempest, he found his steps arrested by a great sign that lay face downward on trestles across the sidewalk, in readiness for hoisting in place upon the front of a smart new shop. Inside the shop he saw painters and paper-hangers at work; and on the great plate-glass window a man was gluing white letters with dexterous celerity. The letters already in place read "Nürnberger Lebku—" And as to this legend he saw "chen" added he rolled out a stout South German oath, and stamped upon the ground. But far stronger was the oath that he uttered as the big sign was swung upward, and he read upon it, in golden German letters,

Nürnberger Bäkerei
Hans Kuhn

That the Recording Angel blotted out with his tears the fines that he was compelled on this occasion to record against Gottlieb Brekel in heaven's high chancery is highly improbable. In the only known case of such lachrymic erasure the provocation to profanity was a commendable moral motive that was eminently unselfish. But when Gottlieb Brekel swore roundly in his native German all the way from the southwest corner of Tompkins Square to the corner of Third Street and the Bowery; and from that point, when he had transacted his business there, all the way back to the Café Nürnberg in Avenue B, his motives could not in any wise be regarded as moral, and selfishness lay at their very root.

Gottlieb already found himself involved in serious difficulties with the many customers who bought his lebkuchen; for with the departure of Hans he had been compelled to fall back upon his own resources, and with the most lamentable results. Great quantities of his first baking were returned to him, with comments in both High German and Low German of a very uncomplimentary sort. His second baking—saving the relatively inconsiderable quantities consumed by the omnivorous children of St. Bridget's School—simply remained upon his hands unsold. And now, to make his humiliation the more complete, here was his discharged assistant setting up as his rival, and with every probability that the attempted rivalry would be crowned with success. Really there was something, perhaps, to be said in palliation of Gottlieb's profanity after all.

When he told at home that evening of Hans Kuhn's upstart pretensions his statements were received with an ominous silence. Aunt Hedwig only coughed slightly, and continued her knitting with more than usual energy. Herr Sohnstein only moved a little in his chair and puffed a little harder than usual at his pipe. Minna, who was in her wire cage in the shop settling her cash, only bent more intently over her books. But when Gottlieb went a step farther and said, looking very keenly at Herr Sohnstein as he said it, that some great rascal must have lent Hans the money to make his fine start, Aunt Hedwig at once bristled up and said with emphasis that rascals, neither great nor small, were in the habit of lending their money to deserving young men; and Herr Sohnstein, a little sheepishly perhaps, and mumbling a little in his gray mustache, ventured the statement that this was a free country already, and people living in it were at liberty to lend their money to whom they pleased; and Minna, looking up from her books—Gottlieb's back was turned toward her—blew a most unfilial kiss from the tips of her chubby fingers to Herr Sohnstein right over her father's shoulder. All of which goes to show that something very like open war had broken out in the Café Nürnberg, and that the once united family dwelling therein was fairly divided into rival camps.

Gottlieb's dreary case was made a little less dreary when he found that the lebkuchen which Hans produced in his fine new bakery was distinctly an inferior article; not much better, in fact, than Gottlieb's own. To any intelligent baker the reason for this was obvious: Hans was making his lebkuchen with new honey-cake. Thus made, even by the best of recipes, it could not be anything but a failure. Gottlieb gave a long sigh of relief as he realized this comforting fact, and at the same time thought of his own great store of honey-pots—there were hundreds of them now—all ready and waiting to his hand. But his feeling of satisfaction passed quickly to one of impotent rage as he recognized his own powerlessness, for all his wealth of honey-pots, to make lebkuchen that would be eaten by anybody but the tough-palated children from St. Bridget's School. He was alone, smoking, in the little room back of the shop as this bitter thought came to him; in his rage he struck the table beside him a blow so sounding that the family cat, peacefully slumbering behind the stove, sprang up with a yell of terror, and made but two jumps to the open door. Coming on top of all his other trials—the revolt of his own little Minna, the defection of Aunt Hedwig, and the almost open enmity of Herr Sohnstein—this compulsory surrender of all his hope of honest fame was indeed a deadly blow.

Gottlieb smoked on in sullen anger, his heart torn and tortured, and his mind filled with a confusion of bitter evil thoughts. And presently—for the devil is at every man's elbow, ready to take advantage of any sudden weakness, or turn to his own purposes any too great strength—these thoughts grew more evil and more clear, until they fairly resolved themselves into the determination to steal from Hans the recipe for making lebkuchen, and so crush completely his rival and at the same time make certain his own fortune and fame.

Of course the devil did not plant the notion of theft in Gottlieb's mind in this bold fashion; for the devil is a most considerate person, and ever shows a courteous disposition to spare the feelings of those whom he would lead into sin. No: he put the matter ingeniously as the recovery on Gottlieb's part of his own stolen property! His logic was admirable: Hans had been Gottlieb's assistant; and as such Gottlieb had owned him and his recipe as well. When Hans went away and took the recipe with him, he took that which still belonged to his master. Therefore, triumphantly argued the devil, Gottlieb had a perfect right to regain the recipe either by fair means or by foul. And finally, as a bit of supplementary devil-logic, the thought was suggested that inasmuch as Hans certainly must know the recipe by heart, the mere loss of the paper on which it was written would not be any real loss to him at all. It is only fair to Gottlieb's good angel to state that during this able presentment of the wrong side of the case he did venture to hint once or twice—in the feeble, perfunctory sort of way that unfortunately seems to be characteristic of good angels when their services really are most urgently required—that the whole matter might be compromised satisfactorily to all the parties in interest by permitting Hans to marry Minna, and by then taking him into partnership in the bakery. And it is only just to Gottlieb to state that to these faint-hearted suggestions of his good angel he did not give one moment's heed.

Now the devil is a thorough-going sort of a person, and having planted the evil wish in Gottlieb's soul, he lost no time in opening to him an evil way to its accomplishment. When Hans, a stranger in New York, had come to work at the Café Nürnberg, Gottlieb had commended him to the good graces of a friend of his, a highly respectable little round Brunswicker widow who let lodgings, and in the comfortable quarters thus provided for him Hans ever since had remained. In this same house lodged also one of Gottlieb's apprentices—a loose young fellow, for whose proper regulation the widow more than once had been compelled to seek his master's counsel and aid. In this combination of circumstances, to which the devil now directed his attention, Gottlieb saw his opportunity. It was easy to make the widow believe that the loose young apprentice had taken the short step from looseness to crime, and that a suspicion of theft rested upon him so heavily as to justify the searching of his room; it was easy to make the widow keep guard below while Gottlieb searched; and it was very easy then to search, not for imaginative stolen goods in the chest of the apprentice, but for that which he himself wanted to steal from the chest of Hans Kuhn. As to opening the chest there was no difficulty at all. Gottlieb had half a dozen Nürnberg locks in his house, and he had counted, as the event proved correctly, upon making the key of one of these locks serve his turn. And in the chest, without any trouble at all, he found a leather wallet, and in the wallet the precious recipe, written on parchment in old High German that he found very difficult to read, and dated in Nürnberg in the year 1603. Gottlieb was pale as death as he went down-stairs to the widow; and his teeth fairly chattered as he told her that he had made a mistake. He tried to say that the apprentice was not a thief—but the word *dieb* somehow stuck in his throat. Keen chills penetrated him as he almost ran through the streets to his home. For the devil, who heretofore had been in front of him and had only beckoned, now was behind him and was driving him with a right good will.

When he entered the room at the back of the shop, where Minna was sewing, and where Herr Sohnstein, with his arm comfortably around Aunt Hedwig's waist, was smoking his long pipe, he created a stir of genuine alarm. As Aunt Hedwig very truly said, he looked as though he had seen a ghost. Herr Sohnstein, of a more practical turn of mind, asked him if he had been knocked down and robbed; and the word *beraubt* grated most harshly upon Gottlieb's ears. But what cut him most of all was the way in which Minna—forgetting all his late unkindness at sight of his pale frightened face—sprang to him with open arms, and with all the old love in her voice asked him to tell her what had gone wrong. Under these favoring conditions, Gottlieb's good angel bestirred himself somewhat more vigorously, and for a moment it seemed not impossible that right might triumph over wrong. But the devil bustled promptly upon the scene, and of course had things all his own way again in a moment. It certainly is most unfortunate that good angels, as a rule, are so weak in their angelic knees.

Gottlieb pushed Minna away from him roughly; addressed to Aunt Hedwig the impolite remark that ghosts only were seen by women and fools; in a surly tone informed Herr Sohnstein that policemen still were plentiful in the vicinity of Tompkins Square; and then, having planted these barbed arrows in the breasts of his daughter, his sister, and his friend, sought the retirement of his own upper room. As he left them, Minna buried her face in Aunt Hedwig's capacious bosom and cried bitterly, and Aunt Hedwig also cried; and Herr Sohnstein, laying aside for the moment his pipe, put his arms protectingly around them both. They all were very miserable.

In the upper room, where the air seemed so stifling that he had to open the window wide in order to breathe, Gottlieb was very miserable too. He was fleeing into Tarshish, this temporarily wicked baker; and just as fell out in the case of that other one who fled to Tarshish, his flight was a failure: for this little world of ours is far too small to give any one a chance to run away from committed sin.

Gottlieb tried to divert his thoughts from his crime, and at the same time tried to reap its reward by studying the stolen recipe; but his attempt was not successful. The cramped letters, brown with age, on the brown parchment, danced before his eyes; and the quaint, intricate High German phraseology became more and more involved. He could make nothing of it at all. And the thought occurred to him that perhaps he never would be able to make anything of it—that, without losing any part of the penalty justly attendant upon his crime, the crime itself might prove to be, so far as the practical benefit that he sought was concerned, absolutely futile. As this dreadful possibility arose before his mind a faintness and giddiness came over him. The room seemed to be whirling around him; life seemed to be slipping away from him; there was a strange horrible ringing in his ears. He leaned forward over the table at which he was sitting and buried his face in his hands.

Then, possibly, Gottlieb fell asleep, though of this he never felt really sure. What is quite certain is that he saw, as clearly as he ever saw her in life, his dear dead Minna; but with a face so sad, so reproachful, so full of piteous entreaty, that his blood seemed to stand still, while a consuming coldness settled upon his heart. He struggled to speak with her, to assure her that he would repair the evil that he had done, to plead for forgiveness; but, for all his striving, no other words would come to his lips save those which a little while before he had spoken so roughly to poor Aunt Hedwig—"The only people who see ghosts are women and fools!"

And then, of a sudden, he found himself still seated at the table, the brown parchment still spread out before him, and the faint light of early morning breaking into the room. The window was wide open, as he had left it, and he was chilled to the marrow; he had a shocking cold in the head; there were rheumatic twinges in all his joints as he arose. What with the physical misery arising from these causes, and the moral misery arising from his sense of committed sin, he was in about as desperately bad a humor with himself as a man could be. He was in no mood to make another effort to read the difficult German of the recipe, the cause of all his troubles. The sight of it pained him, and he thrust it hurriedly into an old desk, in which were stored (and these also were a source of pain to him) several generations of uncollected bills—practical proofs that the adage in regard to the impossibility of simultaneously possessing cakes and pennies does not always hold good. He locked the desk and put the key in his pocket, and then returned the key to the lock and left it there, as the thought occurred to him that the locking of this desk, that never in all the years that he had owned it had been locked before, might arouse suspicion. It seemed most natural to Gottlieb that his actions should be regarded with suspicion; he had a feeling that already his crime must be known to half the world.

And before night it certainly is true that the one person most deeply interested in the discovery and punishment of Gottlieb's crime—that is to say, Hans Kuhn—did know all about it; which fact would seem surprising, considering how skilfully Gottlieb had gone about his work, were it not remembered that his unwitting accessory had been the little round Brunswicker widow, and were it not known that little round widows—Brunswick born or born elsewhere—as a class are incapable of keeping a secret.

This excellent woman, to do her justice, had followed Gottlieb's orders to the letter. He had warned her not to tell the loose apprentice that his chest had been searched, and, so far as that apprentice was concerned, wild horses might have been employed to drag that little round widow to pieces—at least she might have permitted the wild horses to be hitched up to her—before ever an indiscreet word would have passed her lips. But when Hans Kuhn, for whom she entertained a high respect, and for whom she had also that warmly friendly feeling which trig middle-aged widows not seldom manifest toward good-looking young men, came to her in a fine state of wrath, and told her that his chest had been ransacked (he did not tell her of his loss, for he had not himself observed it), she did not consider that she violated any confidence in telling him everything that had occurred. It was all a mistake, she said; the Herr Brekel had gone into the wrong room; she must set the matter right at once; that bad young man might be a thief, after all. Hans felt a cold thrill run through him at the widow's words. But he controlled himself so well that she did not suspect his inward perturbation; and she accepted in as good faith his offer to inform the Herr Brekel of his error as she did, a day later, his assurance that the matter had been satisfactorily adjusted, and that the innocence of the apprentice had been proved.

And then Hans returned to his violated chest, and found that the dread which had assailed his soul was founded in substantial truth—the recipe was gone! In itself the loss of the recipe was no very great matter, for he knew it by heart; but that Gottlieb—who had also a cellar full of rich old honey-cake—should have gained possession of it was a desperate matter indeed. Here instantly was an end to the hope of successful rivalry that Hans had cherished; and with the wreck of his luck in trade, as it seemed to him in the first shock of his misfortune, away in fragments to the four winds of heaven was scattered every vestige of probability that he would have luck in love. Being so suddenly confronted with a compound catastrophe so overwhelming, even a bolder baker than Hans Kuhn very well might have been for a time aghast.

But as his wits slowly came together again Hans perceived that the game was not by any means lost, after all; on the contrary, it looked very much as though he had it pretty well in his own hands. Gottlieb was a thief, and all that was needed to complete the chain of evidence against him was his first baking of lebkuchen, for that as clearly would prove him to be in possession of the stolen recipe as what the widow could tell would prove that he had created for himself an opportunity to steal it. The most agreeable way of winning a father-in-law is not by force of threatening to hale him to a police court, but it is better to win him that way than not to win him at all, Hans thought; and he thought also that this was one of the occasions when it was quite justifiable to fight the devil with fire. So his spirits rose, and now he longed for, as eagerly as in the first moments of his loss he had dreaded, the production of such lebkuchen at the Café Nürnberg as would prove the proprietor of that highly respectable establishment to be neither more nor less than a robber.

Hans was both annoyed and surprised as time passed on and the "cakes succulent but damnatory" were not forth-coming from Gottlieb's oven. He himself went on making unsatisfactory lebkuchen of bad materials by a good formula, and Gottlieb continued to make unsatisfactory lebkuchen by a bad formula of the best materials. Orthodox German palates found nothing to commend and much to reprobate in both results. This was the situation for several weeks. Hans could not understand it at all. The subject was a delicate one to broach to Minna during their short but blissful interviews about dusk in the central fastnesses of Tompkins Square, at which interviews Aunt Hedwig winked and Herr Sohnstein openly connived by keeping watch for them against Gottlieb's possible appearance; for Hans had determined that until he had positive proof to go upon he would keep secret, and most of all from Minna, the dreadful fact of her father's crime. Therefore did he remain in a state of very harrowing uncertainty, with his plan of campaign completely brought to a stand.

During this period a heavy cloud hung over the Café Nürnberg. Gottlieb came fitfully to his meals, and when he did come, ate almost nothing. Each day he grew more and more morose; each night, when poor Aunt Hedwig was not kept awake by her own sorrowful thoughts, her slumbers were broken by hearing her brother pacing heavily the floor of the adjoining room. In some sort he made up for his loss of sleep at night by sleeping of an evening in the little room back of the shop, falling into restless naps (when he should have been restfully smoking his long pipe), from which he would wake with a start and sometimes with a cry of alarm, and would dart furtive horrified glances at Aunt Hedwig and Herr Sohnstein, who were doing nothing of a horrifying nature, only sitting cozily close together, more or less enfolded in each other's arms. It was a little inconsiderate on the part of the lovers, and very hard on Minna, this extremely open love-making; for Minna's love-making necessarily was by fitful snatches amidst the bleak desolations of Tompkins Square. They would try to comfort each other, she and Hans, as they stood cheerlessly under the chill lee of the music stand; but their outlook was a dreary one, and their efforts in this direction were not crowned with any great success. Sometimes as Minna came home again along the west side of the square, and saw in Spengler's window the wreaths of highly artificial immortelles with the word "Ruhe" upon them in vivid purple letters, she fairly would fall to crying over the thought that until she should become a fit subject for such a wreath there was small chance that any real rest would be hers.

However, all this is aside from Gottlieb's horrified looks as he waked from his troubled slumbers—looks which would disappear as he became thoroughly aroused, but only to return again after his next uneasy nap. One day he startled Aunt Hedwig by asking her if she believed in ghosts. Remembering his severe words in condemnation of her casual reference to these supernatural beings, it was with some hesitation that she replied that she did. Still more to her surprise Gottlieb turned away from her hurriedly, yet not so hurriedly but that she saw a strange, scared look upon his face, and in a low and trembling voice replied, "And so do I."

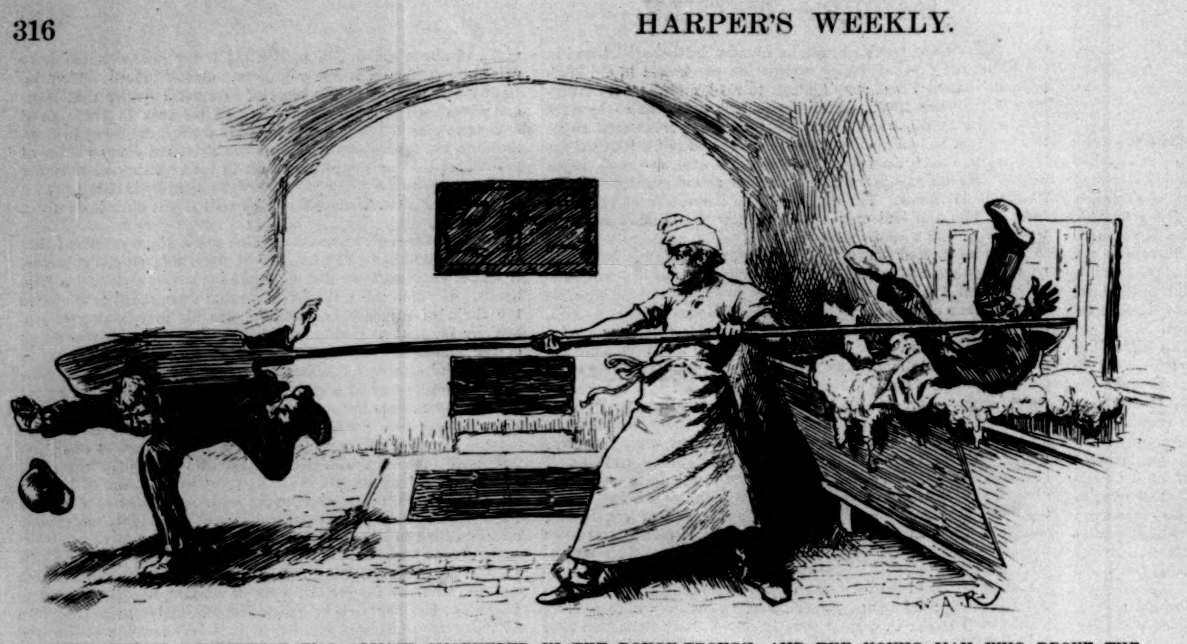
And now the fact may as well be admitted frankly that a ghost was the disturbing element that was making Gottlieb's life go wrong—that, as there seemed to be every reason to believe, was hurrying him toward the grave; for a middle-aged German who refuses to eat, whose regular sleep forsakes him, and who actually gives up smoking, naturally cannot be expected to remain long in this world.

It was the ghost of his dead wife. At first she appeared to him only in his dreams, standing beside the desk in which he had placed the stolen recipe for making lebkuchen, and holding down the lid of that desk with a firm but diaphanous white hand. Presently she appeared to him quite as clearly in his waking hours. Her face still wore an expression at once tender and reproachful, but every day the look of tenderness diminished, while the look of reproach grew stronger and more stern. Each time that he sought to open the desk that he might take thence the recipe and make his crime a practical business success, the figure assumed an air so terribly menacing that his heart failed him, and he gave over the attempt.

This, then, was the all-sufficient reason why the good lebkuchen that would have proved Gottlieb a thief was not for sale at the Café Nürnberg, and this was the reason why Gottlieb himself, broken down by loss of food and sleep and by the nervous wear and tear incident to forced companionship with an angry ghost, was drawing each day nearer and nearer to that dark portal through which bakers and all other people pass hence into the shadowy region whence there is no return.

Gottlieb Brekel never had been an especially pious man. As became a reputable German citizen, he had paid regularly the rent of a pew in the Church of the Redemptorist Fathers in Third Street, but excepting on such high feasts as Christmas and Easter he usually had been content to occupy it and to discharge his religious duties at large vicariously. Aunt Hedwig's bonnet invariably was the most brilliantly conspicuous feature of the entire congregation, just as the prettiest face in the entire congregation invariably was Minna's. But now that Gottlieb was confronted with a spiritual difficulty, it occurred to him that he might advantageously resort in his extremity to spiritual aid. He had no very clear notion how the aid would be given; he was not even clear as to how he ought to set about asking for it; and he was troubled by the conviction that in order to obtain it he must not only repent of his sin, but must make atonement by restitution—a possibility (for the devil still had a good grip upon him) that made him hesitate a long while before he set about purchasing ease for his conscience at so heavy a material cost. However, his good angel at last managed to pluck up some courage—it was high time—and strengthened by this tardily given assistance, he betook himself in search of consolation within church walls.

The Church of the Redemptorist Fathers is a very beautiful church, and at all times—save through the watches of the night



"THE YOUNG APPRENTICE WAS ALMOST SMOTHERED IN THE DOUGH-TROUGH, AND THE YOUNG MAN WHO DROVE THE BREAD-WAGON HAD HIS HEAD BROKEN WITH THE PEEL."

and through one mid-day hour—its doors stand hospitably open, silently inviting poor sinners, weary and heavy laden with their sins, to enter into the calm of its quiet holiness and there find rest. Tall slender pillars uphold its vaulted roof, in the groinings of which lurk mysterious shadows. Below, a warm rich light comes through the stained-glass windows, whereon are pictured the blessed St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, founder of the Redemptorist Congregation, blessedly instructing the chubby-faced choristers; and the Venerable Clement Hofbauer, "primus in Germania" of the Redemptorists, all in his black gown, kneeling, praying no doubt for the outcast German souls for the saving of which he worked so hard and so well; and (a picture that Minna dearly loved) St. Joseph and the sweet Virgin and the little Christ-child fleeing together through the desert from the wrath of the Judean king. And ranged around the walls on perches high aloft are statues of various minor saints and of the twelve apostles; of which Minna's favorite was the Apostle Matthias, because this saint, with his high forehead tending toward baldness, and his long gray beard and gray hair, and his kindly face, and even the axe in his hand (that was not unlike a baker's peel), made her think always of her dear father. The pew that Gottlieb paid for so regularly, and so irregularly occupied, was just beneath the statue of this saint, which, however, gave Minna less pleasure than would have been hers had not the next saint in the row been the Apostle Simon with his dreadful saw. It must have hurt so horribly to be sawed in two, she thought. In the dusky depths of the great chancel gleamed the white marble of the beautiful altar, guarded by St. Peter with his keys and St. Paul with his naked two-edged sword; and above the altar was the dead Christ on Calvary, with His desolate mother and the despairing Magdalene and St. John the divine.

Into this beautiful church it was that Gottlieb, led thither by his good angel, entered; and the devil—raging in the terrible but impotent fashion that is habitual with devils when they see slipping away from their snares the souls which they had thought to win to wickedness—of course was forced to remain outside. But what feelings of keen repentance filled this poor sinning baker's heart within that holy place, what good resolves came to him, what light and refreshment irradiated and cheered his darkened, harried soul—all these are things which better may be suggested here than written out in full. For these things are so real, so sacred, and so beautiful with a heavenly beauty, that they may not lightly be used for decorative purposes in mere romance.

Let it suffice, then, to tell—for so is our poor human stuff put together that trivial commonplace facts often exhibit most searchingly the changes for good or for evil which have come to pass in our inmost souls—that Gottlieb, on returning to the Café Nürnberg, ate a prodigious dinner; and after his dinner, for the first time in a fortnight, smoked a thoroughly refreshing pipe.

Over his dinner and his pipe he was silent, manifesting, however, a sort of sheepishness and constraint that were not less strange in the eyes of Aunt Hedwig and Minna than was the sudden revival of his interest in tobacco and food. As he smoked, a pleasant thought came to him. When he had knocked the ashes from his pipe he ordered Minna, surlily, to bring him his hat and his coat: he must pay a visit to that rascal Sohnstein, he said; and so went out. He left the two women lost in wonder; and Aunt Hedwig, because of his characterization of her dear Sohnstein as a rascal, disposed to weep. And yet somehow they both felt that the storm was breaking, and that clear weather was at hand. There was nobody in the shop just then, and the two, standing behind the rampart of freshly baked cakes that was high heaped up upon the counter, embraced each other and mingled tears, which they knew—by reason of the womanly instinct that was in them—were tears of joy.

And that very evening the prophecy of happiness that was in their joyful sorrow was happily fulfilled.

Gottlieb did not return to the Café Nürnberg until after nine o'clock. With him came Herr Sohnstein. They both were very grave and silent, yet both exhibited a most curious twinklesomeness in their eyes. Neither Aunt Hedwig nor Minna could make anything of their strange mood; and Aunt Hedwig was put to her trumps completely when she was sure that she saw her brother—who was whispering to Herr Sohnstein behind the pie counter—poke the notary in the ribs. As to the joint chuckle at that moment of those two mysterious men there could be no doubt: she heard it distinctly.

Still further to Aunt Hedwig's surprise, for the Café Nürnberg never was closed before ten o'clock, and usually remained open much later, Gottlieb himself began to put up the shutters; and when this work was finished he came back into the shop and locked behind him the double front door. Almost as he turned the key there was a knock outside, as though somebody actually had been waiting in the street for the signal that the closing of the shutters gave.

"Another rascal would come in already, Sohnstein," said Gottlieb, gruffly. "Open for him, but lock the door again. I must go upstairs."

Gottlieb, with a queer smile upon his face, left the little back room; and a moment later Minna uttered a cry of surprise, as Herr Sohnstein unlocked the door and her own Hans entered the shop. What, she thought, could all these wonders mean? As for Aunt Hedwig, she had sunk down into her big arm-chair, and her bright black eyes seemed to be fairly starting from her head.

Herr Sohnstein locked the door again, as he had been ordered to do, and then brought Hans through the shop and into the little back room. Hans evidently was not a party to the mystery, whatever the mystery might be. He looked at Minna as wonderingly as she looked at him, and he was distressingly ill at ease. But there was no time for either of them to ask questions, for as Hans entered the room from the shop, Gottlieb returned to it. In his hand Gottlieb held the brown old parchment on which the lebkuchen recipe was written; the smile had left his face; he was very pale. For a moment there was an awkward pause. Then Gottlieb, trembling a little as he walked, crossed the room to where Hans stood, and placed the parchment in his hands. And it was in a trembling, broken voice that Gottlieb said:

"Hans, a most wicked man have I been. But my dead Minna has helped me, and here I give again to you what I stole from your chest—I who was a robber." Then Gottlieb covered his face with his hands, and between his bony knuckles there was a sparkle of tears.

"My own dear father!" said Minna; and her arms were around him, and her head was pressed close upon his breast.

"My own good brother, you could not be a thief!" said Aunt Hedwig, and so saying, clasped her stout arms around them both.

"My good old friend! all now is right again," said Herr Sohnstein, who then affected to put his arms around the three, but really embraced only Aunt Hedwig. However, there was quite enough of Aunt Hedwig to fill even Herr Sohnstein's long arms; and he made the average of his one-third of an embrace all right by bestowing it with a threefold energy.

The position of Hans as he regarded this affectionately writhing group (that was not unsuggestive of the Laöcoon, with a new motive, a fourth figure, a commendable addition of draperies, and a conspicuous lack of serpents) would have been awkward under any circumstances; and as the circumstances were sufficiently awkward to begin with, he was very much embarrassed indeed. To Aunt Hedwig's credit be it said that she was the first (after Minna, of course, and Minna could not properly act in the premises) to perceive his forsaken condition.

"Come, Hans," said the good Hedwig, her voice shaken by emotion and the tightness of Herr Sohnstein's grip about her waist.

"You had better come, Hans," added Herr Sohnstein, jollily.

"*Will* you come, Hans, and forgive me?" Gottlieb asked.

But it was not until Minna said, very faintly, yet with a heavenly sweetness in her voice, "You *may* come, Hans!" that Hans actually came.

And then for a while there was such hearty embracing of as much of the other four as each of them could grasp that the like of it all for good-will and lovingness never had been seen in a bakery before. And Gottlieb's good angel exulted greatly; and the devil, who had lingered about the premises in the hope that even at the eleventh hour the powers of evil might get the better of the powers of good, acknowledged his defeat with a howl of baffled rage, and fled away in a blue flame and a flash of lightning that made the waters of the East River (which stream he was compelled to wade, thanks to General Newton, who took away his stepping stones) fairly hiss and bubble. And never did he dare to show so much as the end of his wicked nose in the Café Nürnberg again!

"But you will not take from me this little one, my daughter, Hans?" Gottlieb asked, when they had somewhat disengaged themselves. "You will come and live with us, and be my partner, and together we will make the good lebkuchen once more. Is it not so?"

Hans found this a trying question. He looked at Herr Sohnstein, doubtfully. "Ah," said Herr Sohnstein, "you mean that a very hard-hearted money-lending man has hired a shop for you and has made it the most splendid bakery and the finest restaurant on all the East Side, eh? And you are afraid that this man, this old miser man, will keep you to your bargainings, already?"

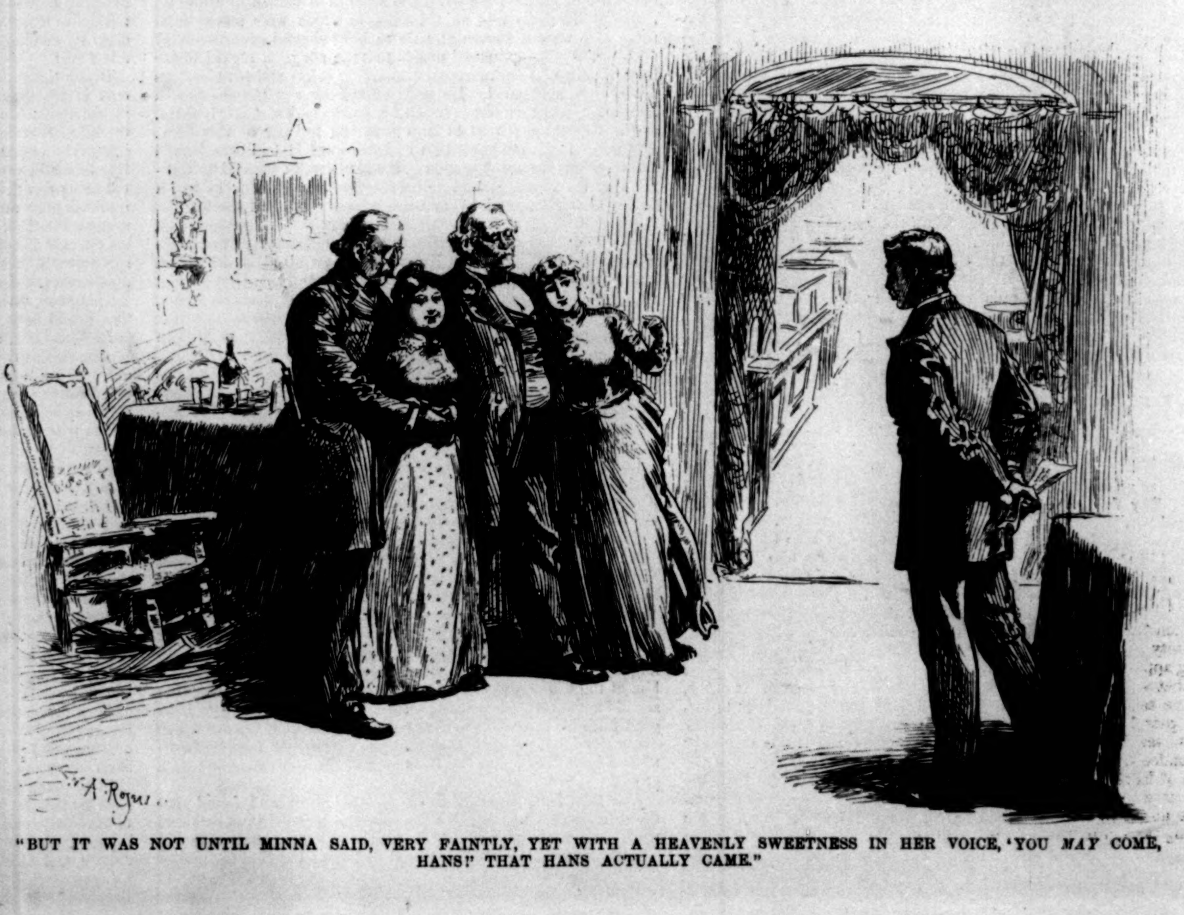
Hans gave a deprecating nod of assent.

"Well, my boy Hans," Herr Sohnstein continued, with great good-humor, and sliding his arm well around Aunt Hedwig's generous waist again as he spoke—"well, my boy Hans, let me tell you that that bad old miser man is not one-half so bad as you would think. Do you remember that when he had a garden made upon the roof of that fine bakery, and you told him that to make a garden there was to waste his money, what he said? Did he not say that if he made the garden God would send the flowers? And when that fine sign was made with 'Nürnberger Bäkerei' upon it, and you told him that to take that name of Nürnberg was not fair to his old friend, did he not tell you that with his old friend he would settle that matter so that there should be no broken bones? For did he not know already that for these five years past it has been the wish of Gottlieb's heart to leave this old bakery—where his lease ends this very coming May—and have just such a new fine bakery upon the Square as now he and you will have? Ah, this bad old miser man is not afraid but his miser money will come back to him again, and he is not such a fool but that he had faith in his good friend Gottlieb, and knew that all would end well. And now truly all will be happiness; for Gottlieb, who has gained a good son, can spare to me this dear Hedwig, his sister, and he will come to church with us and see us all married in one bright day."

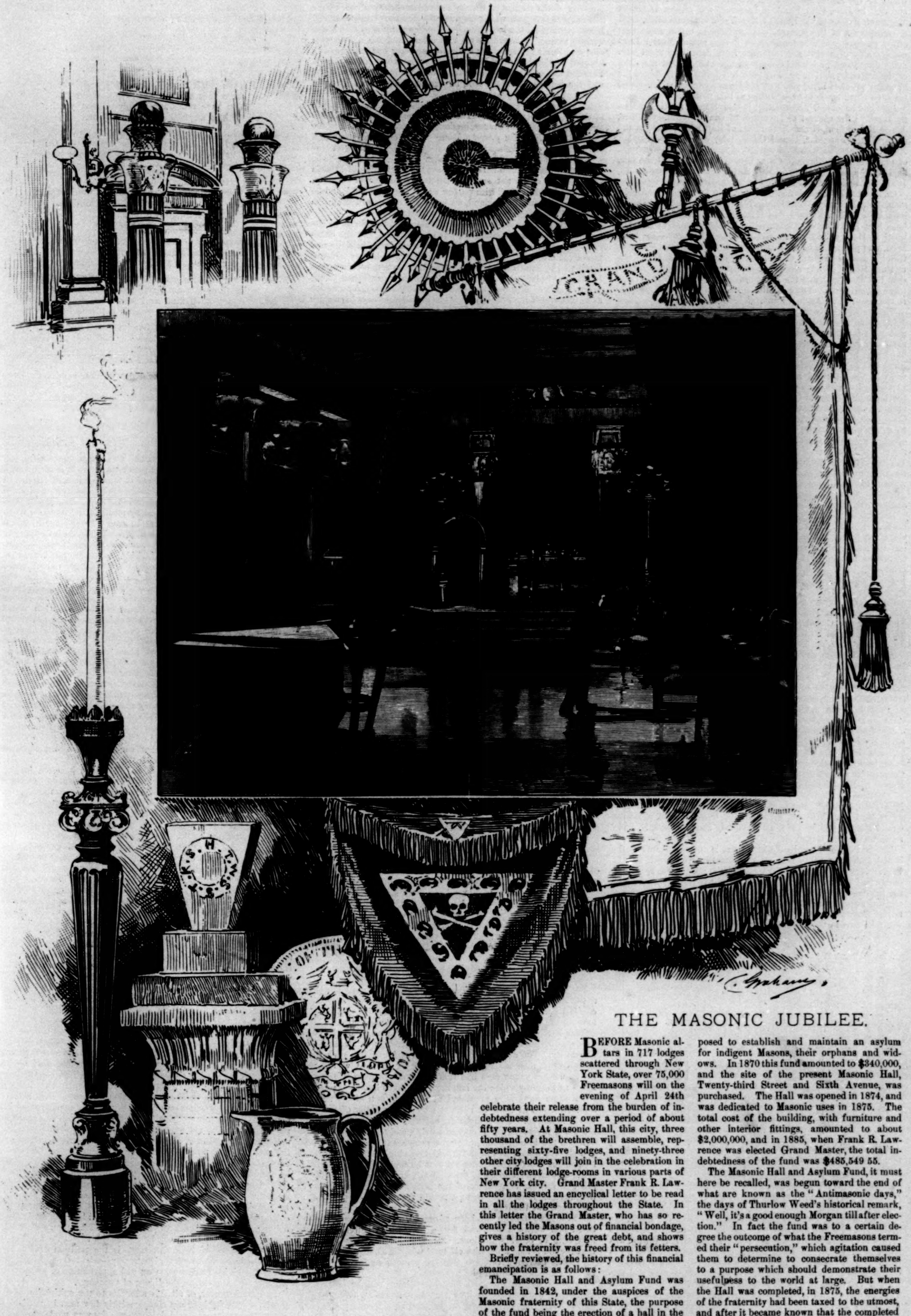
Aunt Hedwig looked up into Herr Sohnstein's face as he ended this long speech—not so fine, perhaps, but certainly much more moving than any that he ever had made in the criminal courts—and with her eyes filling with happy tears, said to him, "And it is to you that we owe it, this happiness."

But Herr Sohnstein's face grew grave and his voice grew reverent as he answered: "It is not so, my Hedwig. We owe our happiness to the good God who has taken away the evil that was in our dear Gottlieb's heart." They all were very quiet for a little space, and upon the silence broke the sweet sound of the clock bell in the near by church tower.

When the last stroke had sounded Herr Sohnstein spoke again, and in his customary jolly tone: "As for these young ones here, we will unlock the door and let them walk out and look for a little at the music stand that they love so well in the square. And Hedwig shall sit beside me while we smoke our pipes, Gottlieb, eh? It is a long time already, old friend, since you and I have sat together and smoked our pipes."



"BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL MINNA SAID, VERY FAINTLY, YET WITH A HEAVENLY SWEETNESS IN HER VOICE, 'YOU *MAY* COME, HANS!' THAT HANS ACTUALLY CAME."



THE MASONIC JUBILEE.

BEFORE Masonic altars in 717 lodges scattered through New York State, over 75,000 Freemasons will on the evening of April 24th celebrate their release from the burden of indebtedness extending over a period of about fifty years. At Masonic Hall, this city, three thousand of the brethren will assemble, representing sixty-five lodges, and ninety-three other city lodges will join in the celebration in their different lodge-rooms in various parts of New York city. Grand Master Frank R. Lawrence has issued an encyclical letter to be read in all the lodges throughout the State. In this letter the Grand Master, who has so recently led the Masons out of financial bondage, gives a history of the great debt, and shows how the fraternity was freed from its fetters.

Briefly reviewed, the history of this financial emancipation is as follows:

The Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund was founded in 1842, under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity of this State, the purpose of the fund being the erection of a hall in the city of New York, from the revenues of which, when fully paid for, it was and is still proposed to establish and maintain an asylum for indigent Masons, their orphans and widows. In 1870 this fund amounted to $340,000, and the site of the present Masonic Hall, Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, was purchased. The Hall was opened in 1874, and was dedicated to Masonic uses in 1875. The total cost of the building, with furniture and other interior fittings, amounted to about $2,000,000, and in 1885, when Frank R. Lawrence was elected Grand Master, the total indebtedness of the fund was $485,549 55.

The Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund, it must here be recalled, was begun toward the end of what are known as the "Antimasonic days," the days of Thurlow Weed's historical remark, "Well, it's a good enough Morgan till after election." In fact the fund was to a certain degree the outcome of what the Freemasons termed their "persecution," which agitation caused them to determine to consecrate themselves to a purpose which should demonstrate their usefulness to the world at large. But when the Hall was completed, in 1875, the energies of the fraternity had been taxed to the utmost, and after it became known that the completed building would rest under a debt of half a million dollars or more, the ardor with which the brethren had undertaken the work changed to apathy and even despair.

This depressing state of affairs continued for about ten years, and at more than one period it seemed probable that bankruptcy would be the result, and that the property would be sold by the sheriff. In June, 1885, Frank R. Lawrence was chosen as Grand Master of Masons of the State of New York, and soon after, amid circumstances of the greatest discouragement, began an earnest effort to discharge this burdensome debt. Grand Master Lawrence's efforts to free the fraternity from debt were beset with many difficulties, and some opposition upon the part of members of the fraternity, but he pluckily persevered, and finally solved the financial problem after years of good management, which would take too much space to even outline at this writing.

It should be stated, however, that in this struggle the Grand Master received the earnest co-operation of Grand Secretary Ehlers, James E. Morrison, Grand High-Priest of Royal Arch Masons, and of Sir Peter Forrester, Grand Commander of Knights-Templar. Also, in connection with this work of financial liberation, a word of praise is due to the ladies for the brilliant success of the fair, held by the Ladies' Masonic Fair Association, on November 28, 1887, which added about $77,000 to the Asylum Fund proper.

Of this Ladies' Association Mrs. Frank R. Lawrence was Chairman of the Executive Committee, which body also included among its members Mrs. Edward M. L. Ehlers, Mrs. Frederick A. Burnham, Mrs. Ephraim W. Richardson, Vice-Chairman, and Mrs. Edward B. Harper, Secretary. Grand Master Lawrence, in June, 1888, was pleased to be able to announce that the total sum contributed toward payment of the debt under his new financial system was $335,869 36; since that date the remainder of the great debt has been paid, and the Masonic fraternity at the present moment not only does not owe a dollar, but already has about $80,000 to the credit of its Asylum Fund.

Thus, after nearly fifty years of financial bondage, has Grand Master Lawrence led the Masons out of the wilderness of debt, and it is for this reason that 75,000 Masons will be rejoicing simultaneously this evening in hundreds of Masonic lodges. A handsome bronze commemorative medal has been struck to celebrate this Jubilee. This medal is two and a half inches in diameter, suitably inscribed and engraved, and is enclosed in a rich plush-lined morocco case. In addition to the Grand Lodge Hall the building now freed from debt contains eight handsome lodge-rooms, namely, the Clinton, Livingston, Tuscan, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite, Doric, and Austin rooms. Each of these rooms is used by a number of lodges, and they pay for this privilege a considerably higher rent than is charged for lodge-rooms elsewhere in the city of New York.

The library and museum of antiquities in Masonic Hall are particularly interesting, and contain many historical relics of great value. In the library you may meet the oldest living Mason, Mr. Adolphus Andreas, ninety-one years old, who was made a member of the fraternity at the same time and place as General Lafayette.

Masonry counts many historical characters upon its roll of honor. Robert R. Livingston, elected in 1785, was for sixteen years the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New York, and was Chancellor of the State of New York. General Jacob Morton succeeded him in 1801, and was in turn succeeded by De Witt Clinton in 1806. The latter will be recalled as the famous projector of the Erie Canal, Mayor of New York, and Governor of the State. De Witt Clinton was Grand Master for fourteen years, and then gave way to Daniel D. Tompkins, afterward Governor of the State and Vice-President of the United States. Stephen Van Rensselaer was Grand Master from 1825 to 1830, in which year he was succeeded by General Morgan Lewis, also a Governor of the State of New York.

Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay each held the office of Grand Master in their respective States, and quite recently, it may be said, Reuben H. Walworth (in 1853) was Grand Master of this State and Chancellor of the State; John L. Lewis, Grand Master from 1856 to 1859, is one of the present Regents of the University. In 1862 Dr. John J. Crane, a member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, was Grand Master, which position was held by Judge James Gibson (afterward State Senator) in 1868 and 1869. General James W. Husted, the "Bald Eagle of Westchester County," was Grand Master in 1876; Edmund L. Judson, Mayor of Albany, held that office in 1878, and General Charles Roome, Grand Commander of the Knights-Templar of the United States, was Grand Master of Masons in 1879. In 1882 Benjamin Flagler, Collector of Customs of Niagara Falls, was Grand Master of the State of New York, to which position he was succeeded by J. Edward Simmons in 1883. William A. Brodie, of Geneseo, was the next Grand Master, and in 1885, as previously stated, Frank R. Lawrence was chosen Grand Master.

The first Masonic Lodge of which there is any record was established (referring to this State, of course) in New York city in 1757. It was then known as St. John's Lodge, No. 2, is now designated as St. John's Lodge, No. 1, and has the honor of being the possessor of the Bible upon which General George Washington was sworn in as first President of the United States. A committee from this lodge, bearing the historical Bible referred to, will take part in the coming Centennial celebration.

The following is a list of the Grand Officers for 1888–9:

M. W. Frank R. Lawrence, Grand Master, New York.
R. W. John W. Vrooman, Deputy Grand Master, Herkimer.
R. W. James Ten Eyck, Senior Grand Warden, Albany.
R. W. John Hodge, Junior Grand Warden, Lockport.
R. W. Washington E. Connor, Grand Treasurer, New York.
R. W. Edward M. L. Ehlers, Grand Secretary, New York.
R. W. Charles W. Camp, Lockport.
R. W. Robert Collyer, Grand Chaplains, New York.
R. W. John S. Bacon, Corning.
R. W. Wright D. Pownall, Grand Marshal, New York.
R. W. John A. Davis, Grand Standard-bearer, Rochester.
R. W. Elon G. Brown, Grand Sword-bearer, Utica.
R. W. Horace L. Greene, Fort Plain.
R. W. Edward B. Harper, Grand Stewards, New York.
R. W. Charles W. Mead, Albany.
R. W. James B. Davenport, Brooklyn.
R. W. William Wallace Walker, Senior Grand Deacon, New York.
R. W. N. Louis Tunis, Junior Grand Deacon, New York.
R. W. George H. Raymond, Grand Lecturer, New York.
R. W. Herman G. Carter, Grand Librarian, New York.
W. George Skinner, Grand Pursuivant, New York.
W. John Hoole, Grand Tiler, New York.

A memorial volume containing an account of the liberation of the Masonic fraternity from debt will be published during the present year.

THE DUC D'AUMALE'S INHERITANCE.

Henri Eugène Philippe Louis d'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale, the fourth son of Louis Philippe, was born at Paris about eight years before his father became King of France. His early manhood was spent in Algeria, where he earned an enviable reputation as a soldier. During the Second Empire he was an exile, but after the fall of Napoleon the Third he returned to his native country, and performed valuable services in reorganizing the French army. In 1886 he was again banished by as cruel and iniquitous a decree as ever drove a patriot from his home. That decree has just been rescinded, and he now returns to resume his place as one of the ablest and most loyal citizens of the French republic. He has proved his patriotism in arms, and his love for his country by his published will, which bequeaths the great estate of Chantilly to the Institute of France for a national art museum.

Notwithstanding his fame as a soldier, patriot, and generous benefactor of the French people, the Duc d'Aumale is chiefly interesting to the student of history as the beneficiary of one of the most sordid intrigues which disgrace the annals of this century. It was to him that the last Prince of Condé was induced by a meretricious woman to bequeath his vast estate, and the old testator died so quickly after making the will that every one concerned in the plot was suspected of having at least countenanced foul play. This did not, of course, include the Duc d'Aumale, for though he was the legatee under the will, he was at the time an innocent child less than eight years old.

Louis Henri Joseph de Bourbon, Duc de Bourbon, the last Prince of Condé, was born in 1756. The heir to one of the greatest titles and noblest estates in France, he doubtless looked forward to the gay and easy life of a *grand seigneur* of the eighteenth century. But a deluge overwhelmed the feudal system in his time, and he was thankful to be able to escape with his life. To be sure, he was one of the few who dared to oppose the Revolution of 1789 in arms, but he could not smother the thunder-storm of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" with "a few whiffs of grape-shot," and he was forced to stay in England, an impatient exile, until Waterloo destroyed the schemes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

His only son, the unfortunate Duc d'Enghein, the victim of Bonaparte's overweening ambition, was shot in 1804, and the childless, broken-hearted old prince sought forgetfulness in deep and prolonged dissipations. During one of his orgies he met and was fascinated by Sophia Dawes, a third-rate London actress, who shortly afterward married the Baron de Fenchères, a gentleman of the prince's suite. The husband was an honorable man, for as soon as he discovered the wretched relations existing between his master and his wife he at once repudiated her, and when she died, long afterward, famous for sanctity and wealth, he refused the legacy she bequeathed to him.

After the fall of the First Empire the prince obtained the restoration of his ancestral property, and returned with the baroness to Chantilly, the beautiful palace built by Anne de Montmorency, and given by Louis the Magnificent to the great Condé.

The gift was worthy of the king who gave and of the general who received it. The château, standing in the centre of a little lake, is surrounded by vast grounds laid out by masters of the art of landscape-gardening. A noble forest extends on every side, furnishing ample opportunity for hunting and other field-sports. The whole estate included more than 8000 acres. The marble stable for 180 horses is now in ruins. The grand château, the terrace, and the fountains, three wonders of architectural skill, were destroyed during the Revolution. It was here that kings of France were feasted by the bravest and most opulent family of their nobility. Here Vatel, the famous cook, killed himself because the fish did not arrive in time to be served at a royal banquet.

From 1815 until his death in 1830 the prince lived in the Petit Château with the imperious baroness. Charmed at first by her attractive qualities, he soon fell into a habit of submission, which became fixed as time wore on, until at last he could refuse her nothing.

A Legitimist amongst Legitimists by instinct, education, and inherited tradition, he rejoiced at the return of the Bourbons to royal power. He detested the liberal ideas of Louis Philippe, the head of the house of Orleans. He sympathized with the tyrannical notions of his cousin and next of kin, Louis de Rohan-Rochefort, a descendant of the Frankish conquerors. Yet when he died his estate went to the infant son of his enemy to the exclusion of his intimate friend and heir-at-law.

The record shows that the baroness had at first determined to obtain the inheritance for herself, and had persuaded the old dotard to make a will in her favor. The Rohans heard of it, and very unwisely hinted that her succession would be disputed. This was, of course, a declaration of war, and she acted accordingly. A truce was at once made with the Orleanists, who had hitherto hated her as a vile woman, and she set herself to the task of compelling the prince to execute a new will which should provide amply for her, but should give the bulk of his property to the Orleans family.

It was not an easy task. The old man clung to his ancient prejudices. He fought long and hard. He protested against the arrangement as "horrible and atrocious." He pleaded with Louis Philippe himself for a means of escape. But in his senile infatuation he could not withstand the alternating caresses and abuse of the woman he adored. Still protesting, he signed the will which gave his estate to the little Duc d'Aumale, and fell into a stupor, from which he only recovered at intervals until his death, a few months later, in August, 1830.

Half comatose as he was, he was undisturbed by the revolution of July, 1830. Perhaps he did not realize that the Bourbons were again dethroned, and that the house of Orleans was in power. His ability to help or harm had long been gone, and no one cared to disturb the last days of the doting old man at Chantilly. A month later he was better. He spent an evening with the baroness and a couple of visitors, chatting and playing cards. At the usual hour he retired and was disrobed by his valet, who locked the door of his apartments and went away. He did not answer when called the next morning.

"The prince sleeps soundly," the domestics remarked.

"Ouvrez, ouvrez, c'est moi," screamed the baroness.

For once he did not obey her. He was stark and dead, hanging to the window-ledge by a rope made of two handkerchiefs knotted together; this was passed under his chin. The tips of his feet touched the floor. The great family of Condé was extinct.

Was it murder or suicide? The door to his room was locked. The only access to it was through the apartments of Madame De Fenchères. The situation in which he was found was such that even a weak man might have extricated himself. A wound received when a young man had incapacitated him from tying such knots as those by which the handkerchiefs were bound together.

All these facts were presented at the famous trial before the Superior Court at Paris in 1832, at which the validity of the will was established. The Rohans argued that the circumstances of his death precluded the theory of suicide, and that the difference between the known opinions of the prince and the tenor of his will showed that it had been fraudulently obtained. The Orleanists, on the other hand, contended that he had plainly killed himself, and that the attempt to set aside the will was a mere political intrigue for the restoration of the Bourbons. The judges took the latter view, under pressure, it is said, from the royal personage whose son was the legatee.

Still a third opinion has been advanced. It is known that diseased and worn-out men can find a pleasure in suffering when incapable of other sensations. Some authorities, therefore, say that the old prince hung himself to obtain the abnormal pleasure said to be thereby given, and that the persons whose duty it was to cut him down allowed him to perish.

However that may be, and whatever opinion may be formed of this sordid intrigue, the Duke d'Aumale is not to be held responsible. More than that, if ever an end justified a means, it was this, which gave a splendid estate to the most philanthropic gentleman and gallant soldier of the French republic.

IN PILLION.

(*Duo.*)

He. Behind the rider, they say, care sits,
And you are my care, as you may divine;
Perhaps that's why I care for you, lady mine.
Well, kiss me, and say we are quits.

I know you trifle; your tenderness flits
And changes again like an April day;
Yet all my anger you banish away
With, Kiss me, and say we are quits.

Do you think that life is a ride, and its
Stern fact a pleasuring trip forsooth?
You have taken my all, my life, my youth:
Well, kiss me, and say we are quits.

She. So this is your passionate love, that twits
Me for taking the love that you *gave*—I trust!
I have given you all, so the bargain's just.
Kiss me; of course we are quits.

My every fickleness love permits;
Were I always coy, your passion would wane;
Too facile a love would deserve disdain.
Kiss me; admit we are quits.

My every cruelty only knits
Your love to me closer, tears you away
From a man's many interests. Shall I not, pray,
Have my jealousy? Kiss; we are quits.

He. I dare not love you. I fear that you jest;
My love is your plaything—a woman's way.
She. I dare not be kind as I would be, lest
My tenderness cloy you, as tenderness may.

He. Ah! love, this love is but hope deferred;
When I think you love me, your look says, Nay.
She. Do you think, could I trust your uttermost word,
I'd not show you how I am your slave for aye?

All griefs, Doubt, treacherous warden, admits,
And love is the sorriest game to play.
Ah! thrust this frivolous doubting away,
And love me and kiss me. We're quits.

S.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY IN ENGLAND.

There is one passage in Mr. Motley's *Correspondence* which has excited some surprise amongst English readers. It is his description of our Parliamentary speakers at a time when the House of Commons was the arena in which Disraeli, Gladstone, and John Bright displayed the full vigor of their faculties. Mr. Motley does not seem to have been impressed by anything he heard. There is no scope for eloquence, he says, in such a business-like assembly; and of so notable an orator as Mr. Bright he tells us that the tribune of the people in the House was easy, conversational, "slightly humorous, and rather fluent." This strikes an Englishman as singular, and I am inclined to believe that Mr. Motley never heard Bright more than once, and that the solitary occasion was one which demanded no exhibition of oratorical powers. In England there is a notion that American public speakers are always rhetorical, and that a member of your House of Representatives would make heaven and earth and the waters under the earth contribute metaphors to a new proposal for the ventilation of the Capitol. That, I know, is one of our insular delusions, but Americans will admit that a remark like Motley's about Bright indicates the unreasonable expectation that a man with the prestige of an orator ought to be always eloquent. Mr. Motley does not appear to have heard any great debate in the House of Commons. He records no impression of the famous duel between Disraeli and Gladstone on the night when the Derby Ministry was overthrown in 1852, or of Gladstone's Budget speech in 1853, or of Bright's attacks on the policy which led to the Crimean war. These were remarkable displays of the highest qualities of speech, and any one of them would have redeemed the House of Commons from that reproach of commonplace pronounced by Mr. Motley.

No one will pretend, however, that England is noted for the abundance of her orators. There is far more readiness of tongue in America; indeed, most Englishmen would concede that Americans, as a rule, are distinguished by what is called by people who don't possess it "the gift of the gab." The capacity to rise after dinner and say a few happy things in a few well-chosen sentences is rare in our chilly island. Perhaps the defect is due to that reticence and lack of expansiveness which are amongst the most prominent of British characteristics. An Englishman is not sociable enough even when he has dined well to get on his legs and communicate himself buoyantly to the company. Moreover, badinage is indispensable to good after-dinner speaking, and this is just what the average Englishman does not fully appreciate, and when it is applied to himself is most apt to resent. To be uncertain whether your airiest jest has not offended half the table is discouraging to the postprandial orator. Nine men out of ten will declare that nothing bores them so much as listening to a speech, and yet the faculty of articulate utterance, especially if it is accompanied by just enough humor and fancy to banter the foibles which everybody recognizes, excites general envy. It is one of our precious anomalies that while we are always ready to sneer at the fluency of foreigners, there are no people so susceptible to the influences of speech as the English. In a country where few men speak really well it is natural that this power should be highly prized, but it is rather ludicrous to find the very people who are disposed to decry the value of public speaking setting the most store by it. At this moment the Tory party would give anything for a great orator. All their speakers are overmatched by Mr. Gladstone's surpassing eloquence. If a young Tory comes to the House of Commons with a reputation from a university debating society, his *début* is watched with anxious interest by his leaders, and if he shows distinct promise he is tenderly nursed on all the platforms of his party. This is amusing when you consider that the old Tory invectives against demagogues, mouthing politicians, men whose command of rhetoric is employed to stir the passion of the mob, are still repeated whenever a Liberal orator achieves a marked success. Had Mr. Gladstone remained a Tory all his life, he would have been the idol of the drawing-room where he is scoffed at as a wind-bag. No abuse was too virulent for John Bright when his eloquence was the servant of reform, but after he left the Liberal party his old assailants extolled his public spirit, and bitterly regretted that age and ill health had stilled his voice. Perhaps the most signal proof that a man who speaks long and often, whatever may be the merits of his matter, has an excellent chance of Tory patronage is the position of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett—an American, by-the-way—who talked himself into office, though his leaders show an odd appreciation of his gifts by keeping him muzzled in the House of Commons.

In spite, however, of all this stimulus to the cultivation of the power of speech, there are comparatively few men in Parliament whose performances would deserve even the very moderate eulogy which Motley awarded to Bright. An immense proportion of members are elected because they represent particular interests, and not because of their natural endowments. Party managers are still capable of offering to a constituency candidates whose utterances are a libel on the intelligence of the people they address. One of these gentlemen was reported to have said lately that his opponents "never opened their mouths without showing the cloven hoof." I think it was of the same genius that a London journal gravely remarked that, though not a fluent or a wordy man, he made his ideas as distinct as "pieces of granite sculpture." Had this been said in America, the unlucky phrase would have stuck to the hero of it all his life. But he was an aristocrat, and a relative of the Prime-Minister; and there is still sufficient awe inspired by such connections in this country to save even a nincompoop from overwhelming ridicule. The press is powerful in England, but it is not as powerful as a pedigree, and under the shelter of an imposing family tree a man may defy the most pitiless rain of satire. Many audiences, moreover, are perfectly satisfied with a substantial property owner who simply repeats the most ordinary catch-phrases of his party. It is astonishing what an amount of enthusiasm can be excited in some minds by the vehement assurance that the integrity of the empire must be maintained. How this is to be done, and why the integrity is supposed to be in danger, are subtleties to which a certain kind of politician never addresses himself. He has money in the funds, he has many acres, his family is one of the proudest in the country, or he has a title which is a few months old, and is therefore considered an essential part of the foundation of society. For these reasons people will listen to him as if he were declaiming the book of Genesis; or if they have too much intelligence for this attitude, they will accept his assertions as Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" accepted the sermon: "I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an' I comed awaäy.'

But it must not be supposed that this sort of oratory is successful in the House of Commons. A Minister may welcome a recruit who has nothing at his tongue's end but platitudes, for a vote is a vote, and moreover the platitudinarian may be ready to spend a good deal of money for the benefit of his party. Under the Corrupt Practices Act a good deal less is spent on our elections than you spend on yours, but wealthy men are of great service to their party all the same. Election expenses are still heavy, and many candidates are poor, so until we can induce Parliament to throw the cost of contests on the local rates the cause which has most of the sinews of war may continue to make a stand against the cause which has the largest share of political principle. But the moneyed magnate who is sent to the House of Commons to represent the subjects of the empire, or the throne, or the Church, or whatever may be the "granite sculpture" in his mind, soon finds his level in that assembly. It is made clear to him, first, that the House will not listen to his patriotic sentiments, and secondly, that his leaders expect him to use his legs and not his tongue. He must walk into the division lobby and be prepared at any hour of a Parliamentary sitting to give up his social engagements at the summons of the party whip; but he must not articulate anything in the House except cheers and interjections like "No, no," to bother an opponent. This wholesome discipline prevents Parliament from being wholly submerged by bores. This species is not by any means unrepresented, but when the bores are on their feet the people who suffer are the Speaker, the chairmen of committees, the officials at the table, a few reporters who linger in the Press Gallery, and the strangers who remain doggedly in their seats upstairs lest they should miss some sudden and sublime incident.

Speeches in Congress are not reported in your newspapers as speeches in Parliament are reported in ours, and much of the dulness which Americans find in our daily journals is due to the fact that so large a space is occupied by the wit and wisdom of our legislators. The defence of this system is that Parliamentary debates are read, or they would not be printed. They help to make public opinion. In every election they are quoted wholesale. The speaker who knows Mr. Hansard—the official report of proceedings in both Houses—has a well-stocked armory. He can convict an enemy of inconsistency or correct a damaging misquotation. In the House fragments of Hansard are always being hurled at somebody's head. It is remarkable that although, owing to a variety of conditions, political consistency is an almost impossible virtue, a public man is more anxious to be credited with this than with anything else in the world, and men who have been driven by force of circumstances, chiefly incapacity to foresee everything that is going to happen, to abandon every opinion they ever held, will solemnly rise and denounce the abominable apostasy of somebody opposite. I have always thought that this is the most diverting feature of party government. Certainly it is so to any one who has long frequented the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, this incessant pretension to a delusive morality, which is a sort of mirage of blameless integrity, is the grimmest irony of human affairs.

There is a terrible array of pessimists in that gallery. Men who have seen Ministries come and go, who have gathered up the flotsam and jetsam of principles abandoned by their owners, who know every twist and turn of the slippery political gamester, who can anticipate every trick of the orator, and, worst of all, every jest of the established humorist—such men may be forgiven for seeing little but dust and ashes and a hard week's work in the Parliamentary routine. And yet it is in the Press Gallery that you find the keenest and freshest interest in politics. A new member who speaks well finds his readiest admirers in those uncomfortable seats up aloft. If he could hear the subdued murmurs of some of those veteran judges, their pithy comments on his style, their muttered warnings when he misses a point or is on the wrong tack, he would learn a valuable lesson. If it should ever be found expedient to appoint a committee to name the members who may speak as long as they like and those who ought to be bound by a limit, the reporters would be the best umpires. They know whose words will always be read by an eager public, and who must be dismissed in a few lines when his "barren commonplaces break in full and kindly blossom." Though intervals of sheer dulness are long and numerous, I maintain that from this Press Gallery one commands an unequalled spectacle of human interest. The threads of a vast empire are concentrated in this small Chamber. You see the mighty loom at work, and though some of the weavers are beneath the dignity of their labors, the machine is an absorbing marvel. Great interests are constantly at stake, and the gentle uneventful mediocrity that Motley saw is often swept out of memory by an intense and actual drama. No play that was ever acted can compare with scenes in the House of Commons in times of high fever. You see the conflict of men who are making history, and on whose words and acts the whole kingdom hangs breathless. Not always, perhaps, do these scenes produce that rare oratory which sends its vivid periods down the course of time to make the blood of posterity tingle; but the struggle of keen and powerful debaters, equipped with all the resources of intellect and experience, and sustained by the full tide of passion, is as exciting as a battle-field. This is what makes the House of Commons the most thrilling stage in Europe. There is excitement enough in the French Chamber, but it is too often a mere whirlwind of jabbering idiocy. When the party heat reaches a certain temperature no French Deputy is responsible for a syllable he utters except to a congenial lunatic, who challenges him to a duel. But in the wildest tempest in the House of Commons no one forgets that every word has its value as a political factor. The debate ends in the division lobby, and the majority decides the issue for the time, but the conflict reverberates in every corner of the country, and speeches which have not turned votes in the House become deadly weapons which mow down majorities in the constituencies.

But I think the highest tribute to our Parliamentary speaking is that it does sometimes win votes. Though party feeling generally overrides facts and arguments, these occasionally tell upon hostile minds with surprising force. It is not an uncommon thing for a Minister to resist a proposal at the outset, and then change front when he has heard the whole case. An Irish member, who has small reason to love his opponents, said the other night that, after all, the House of Commons is the fairest assembly in the world. What he meant was that the English sense of justice is so strong that it will conquer the strongest prejudices when once the truth is made clear. I don't say this always happens; but, after making every allowance for the imperfections of human nature and the defects of party government, I think a close observer of the House of Commons will admit that the cases in which men who are obnoxious to the party in office have won the personal respect of their antagonists are very striking. The House loves a joke, even a small one; it loves a dashing party attack; it revels in recriminations; it often prefers a smart thing to a true thing; but in the main the value of Parliamentary speech is determined by the capacity to reason. The most successful orator in England is the man who handles great masses of facts with precision, lucidity, and nervous force. That is the combination which makes an English statesman a great leader of men.

L. F. AUSTIN.

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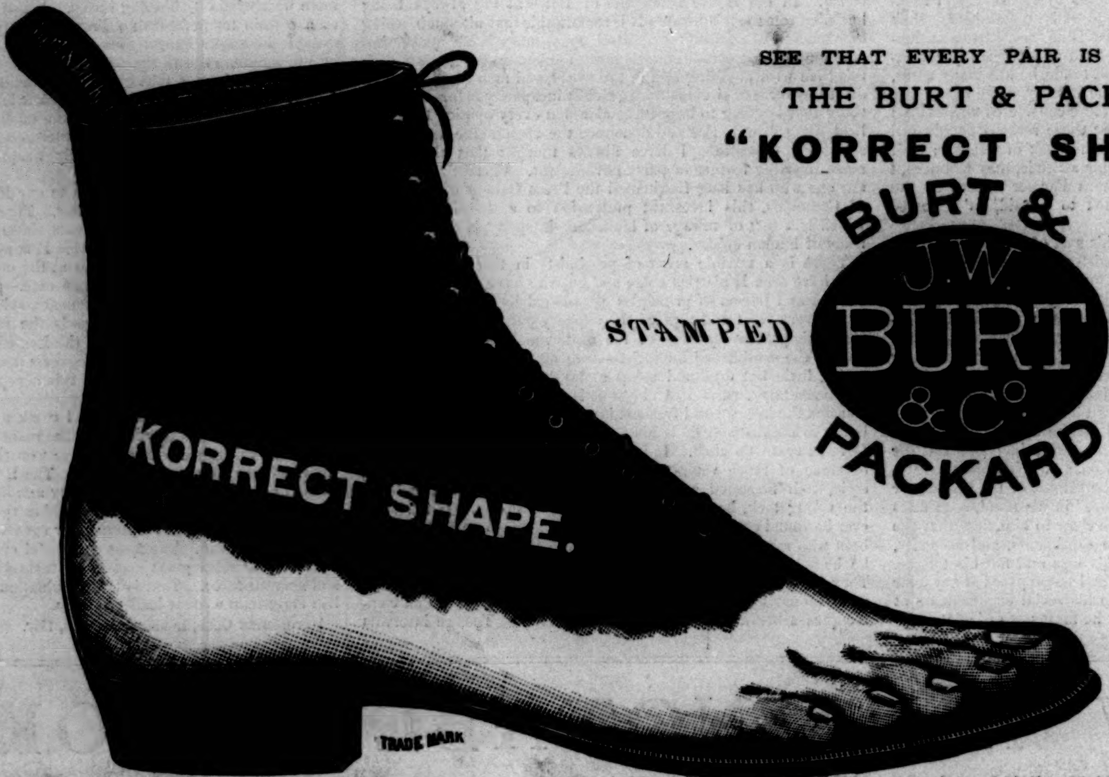

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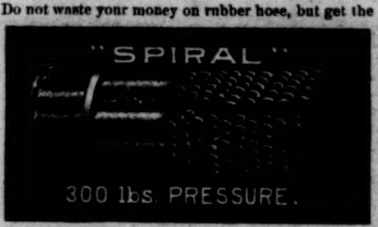

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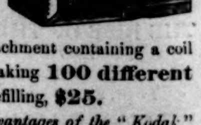

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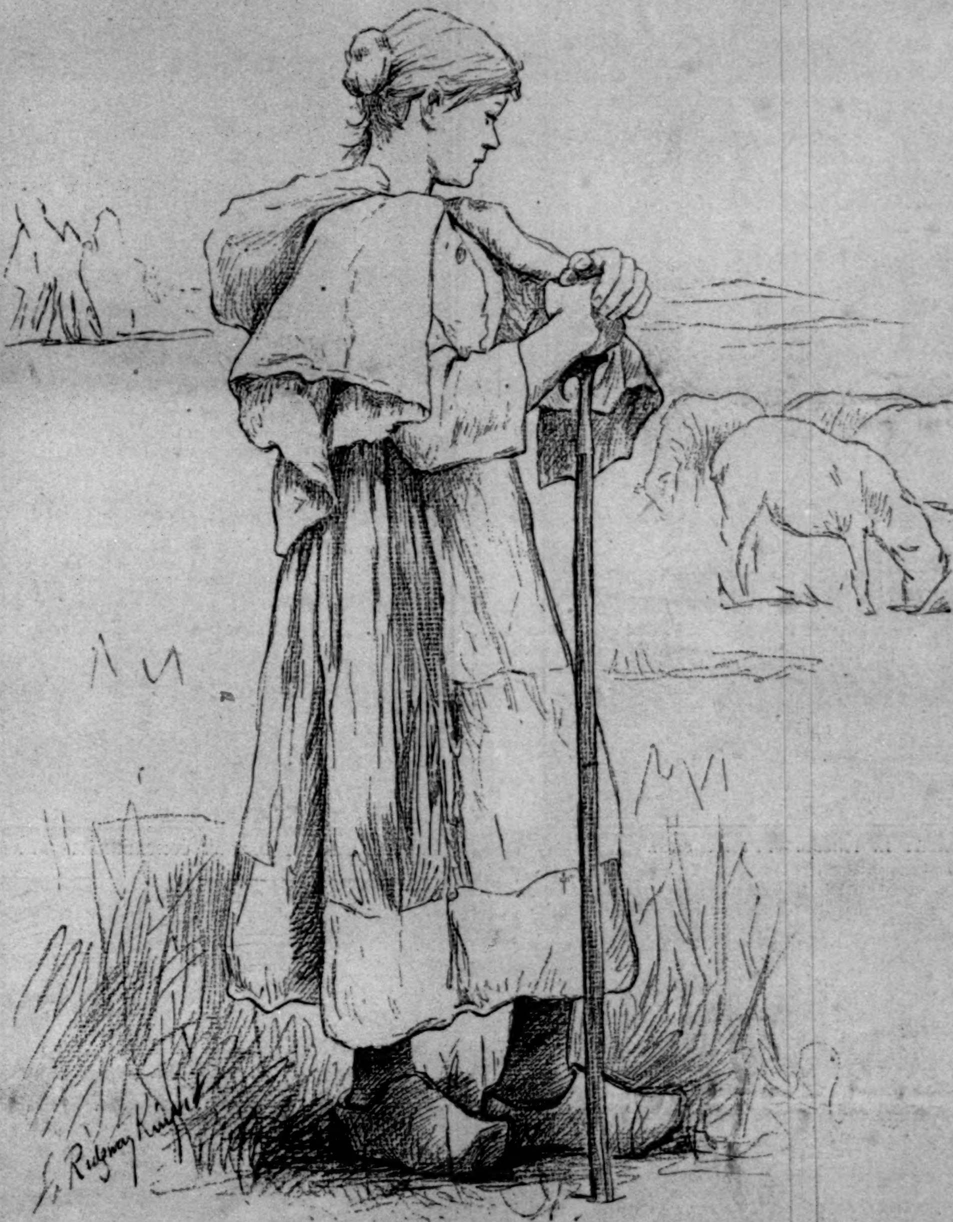
AMERICAN ARTISTS AT THE PARIS SALON.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE desire to make a great show at the forth-coming Universal Exhibition has caused several of the distinguished American artists resident in Europe to neglect the Salon of 1889. Mr. W. T. Dannat, for instance, has kept the three fine pictures that he has painted this winter all for the Champ de Mars, and sends nothing to the Salon. Mr. John S. Sargent also concentrates all his efforts on the Exhibition. The same is the case with J. Gari Melchers, who sends nothing to the Salon; Walter Gay, who sends only a small head of a girl; Henry Mosler, who will be represented by a life-size pastel portrait of a little girl laughing in the shadow of a broad-brimmed hat. Nevertheless, the American exhibit at the Salon will be important, and include a number of considerable efforts by the younger men. The following notes, it must be remembered, are made from visits to the studios before the sending of the pictures to the Salon; they are, therefore, necessarily incomplete, and mention only an important fraction of the hundred and fifty or two hundred works by American artists which will figure in the Palais de l'Industrie.

Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks sends two very important pictures—"Prayer Hour at the Mosque of Moti Musjid," and an "Open-air Restaurant at Lahore." The former represents the court-yard of the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, with the tank, and, occupying the back of the picture, the denticulated arcades of the mosque, the whole, both mosque and pavement, of pure white marble. Over the façade of arches in the background the projecting roof casts a shadow, and the vista of arcades within appears mistily illuminated by the reflected light that glares upward from the white marble court-yard. On this ground of immaculate smooth white marble are disposed figures in various attitudes, some washing in the tank, others dreaming or sleeping, one in the foreground reading the Koran, while outside the mosque in the middle distance stands a row of men praying, their backs turned to the spectator—Afghans, northern Indians of various castes, and Persians with their round skull-caps. In the polished marble of the floor as well as in the water of the tank the bright colors of the Indian and Persian costumes are reflected. In this very clever picture Mr. Weeks has dealt successfully with a difficult scheme of color. His second picture is full of detail and very strongly handled. In the background, towering up against the clear blue sky, is the mosque of Vazir Khan, with its brilliant ceramic facing of bright blue and yellow tiles, which give the key-notes of the composition. Under the walls of the mosque are little booths, and in the open space in front is being held a sort of horse-fair. To the left are some trees, and in the foreground an open-air restaurant, with pots and pans and steaming caldrons, around which are gathered groups of customers, notably in the immediate foreground two Persian horse-dealers, one wearing a blue blouse and the other a yellow one. To describe fully the varied and curious scene which Mr. Weeks has depicted would need more space than we can now command. Indian types and Indian manners have no secret for this painter, who has a remarkable talent for disposing on canvases of reasonable dimensions scenes that have the immensity and manifold interest of a panorama. This "Open-air Restaurant at Lahore" has, furthermore, the merit of being the most complete picture that Mr. Weeks has yet painted—the firmest, the simplest, and the most direct piece of painting that he has accomplished.

Mr. George Hitchcock's picture, "Fermières Hollandaises," represents a white-walled kitchen in Holland. In the foreground are seated two girls, one three-quarter face, the other with her back turned toward the spectator, and only a profile visible framed in a dainty white cap. The dresses are of blue, gray, and an intense lilac, the composition of which seems to be peculiarly pleasing to Mr. Hitchcock's eye, as it is also to our own. Mr. Hitchcock began his reputation, it will be remembered, by constituting himself the historiographer of the culture of tulips in Holland; we are therefore not surprised to find the floor of this kitchen strown with cut tulips, which these two girls are tying up into bouquets and hanging over the backs of their chairs, ready to take to market. Meanwhile the girls are gossiping, and, thanks to the artist's presentation of them,



"LE SOIR."—BY RIDGWAY KNIGHT.

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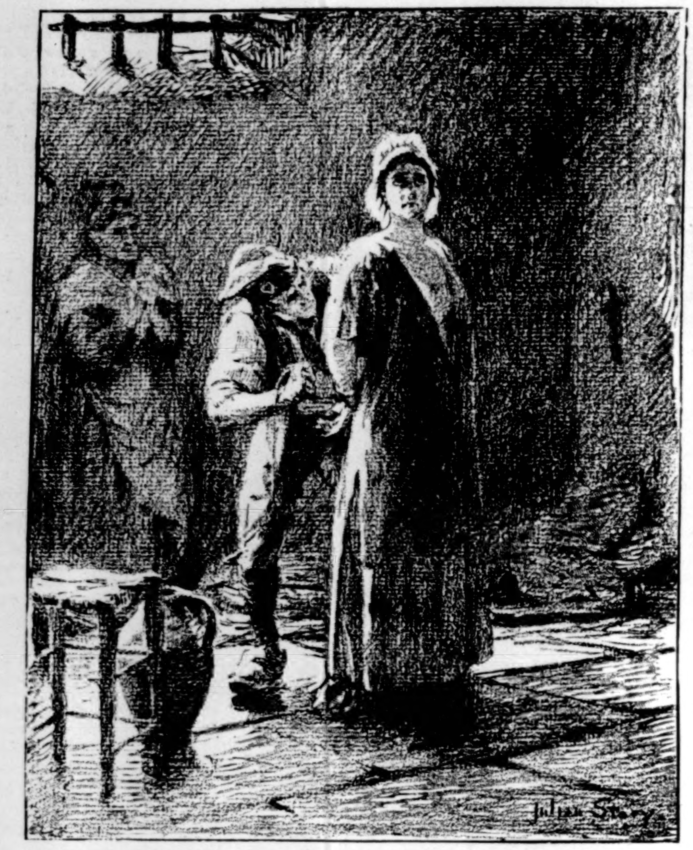
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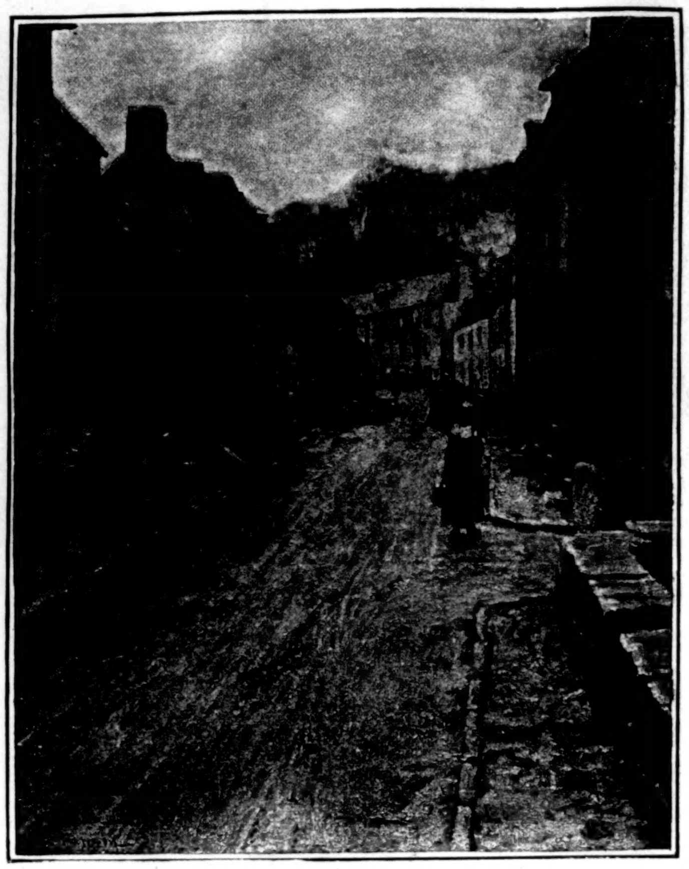

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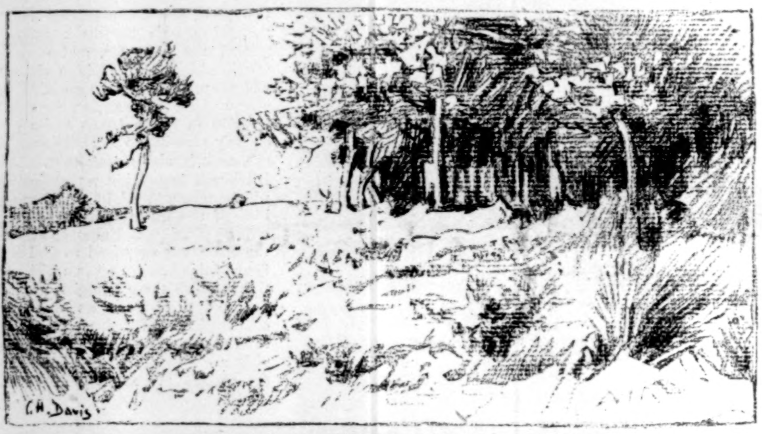

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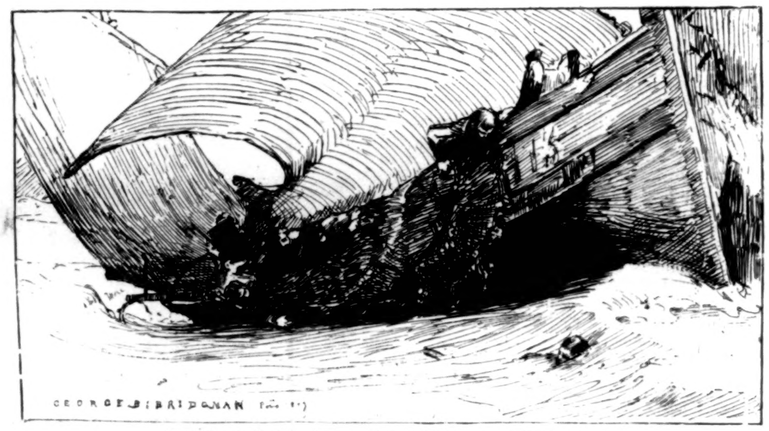
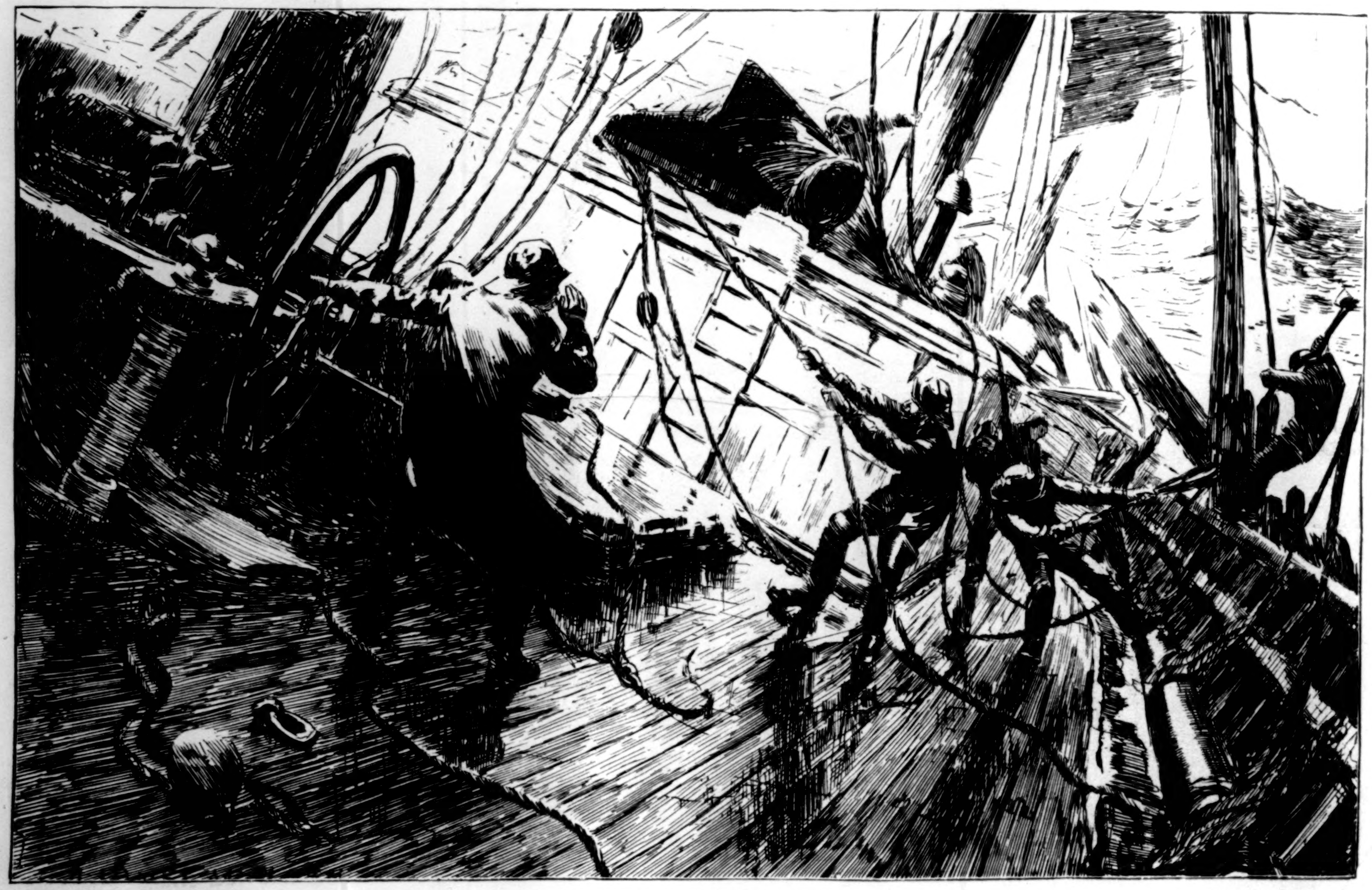
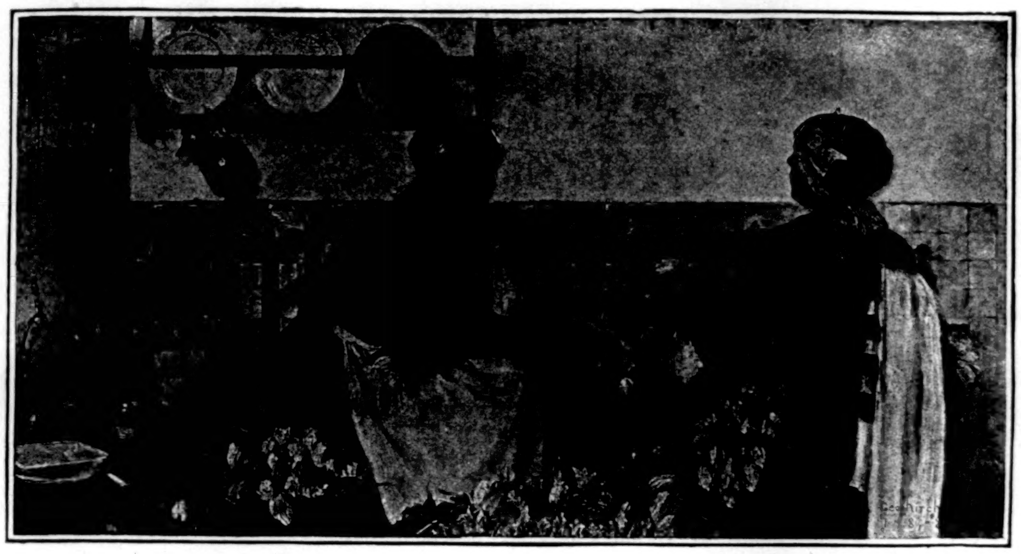

GEORGE B. BRIDGMAN

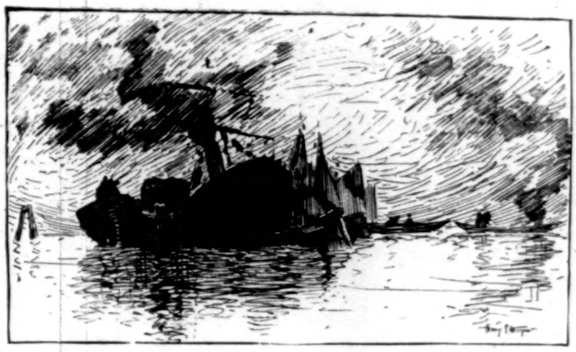
"MOUSSE À LA MER" (SEA-FOAM).—BY G. B. BRIDGMAN.



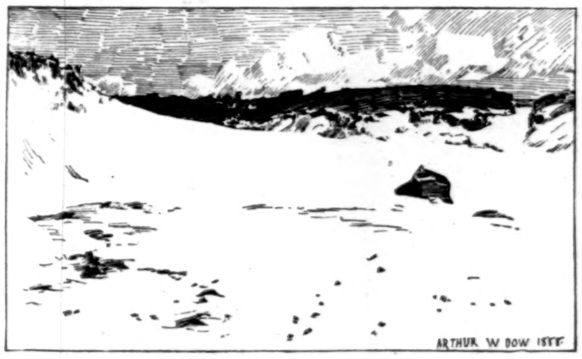
"AN ACCIDENT AT SEA."—BY LIONEL WALDEN.



"FERMIÈRES HOLLANDAISES."—By George Hitchcock.



"A FOGGY MORNING AT VENICE."—By Henry R. Kenyon.



"THE SANDS OF RAGUENÈS."—By Arthur W. Dow.

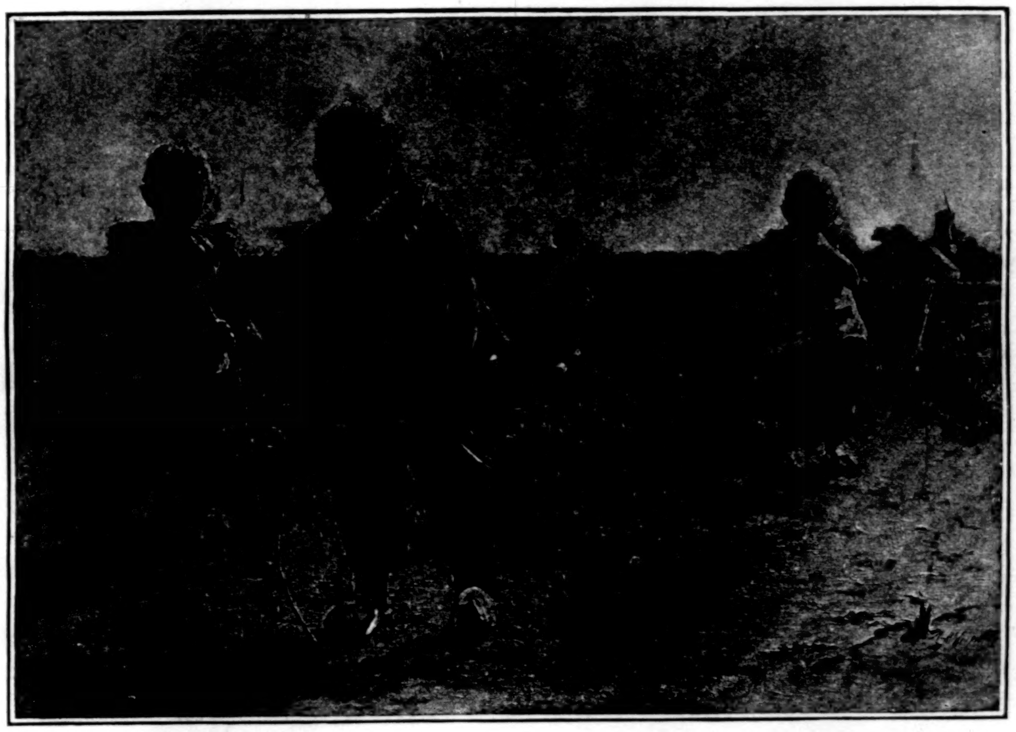
they look very charming, and doubtless are so in reality. That, however, is a point of small importance; what delights us is the delicate arabesque of these feminine forms against the brilliant white background; the refined choice of coloration; the harmony of bright-colored tulips in the foreground; the research of exquisiteness and daintiness in the whole rendering of the subject. In this, as in his previous pictures, Mr. Hitchcock gives proof of a rare artistic temperament.

Mr. F. A. Bridgman continues faithful to Algerian subjects, which he paints with a tendency toward prettiness, and with a certain lavish profusion of gay-colored paint which is quite a different thing from color. In one picture, "Un Bal chez le Gouverneur," at Algiers, we see the amusing contrast of European ladies flirting with dignified Arabs beneath the glare of a glass lustre light of the most modern manufacture. In the foreground, a blond lady dressed in white and a brunette in pale green are seated on the edge of the bouquet of ladies who fill up the room, with here and there a burnoose and turban, and a bronzed Arab face. In the background, through an archway, we see the garden, with lanterns hung on the trees, and groups of guests promenading. Mr. Bridgman's second picture represents "Algerine Women in a Cemetery." As at Constantinople, the cemeteries of Algiers are perched on the slopes of the hills that close in the bay, and from the one which Mr. Bridgman has painted we see, over the terrace wall, a panorama of the white town and the blue sea. To the right two women are leaning over the wall, contemplating this scene; to the left a woman advances with some flowers in her hand; in the centre a group of women and black slaves are squatting on carpets spread out between the tombstones; a couple of children playing, and some cypress foliage, complete the picture which will please those who love bright stuffs and conventional Oriental beauty.

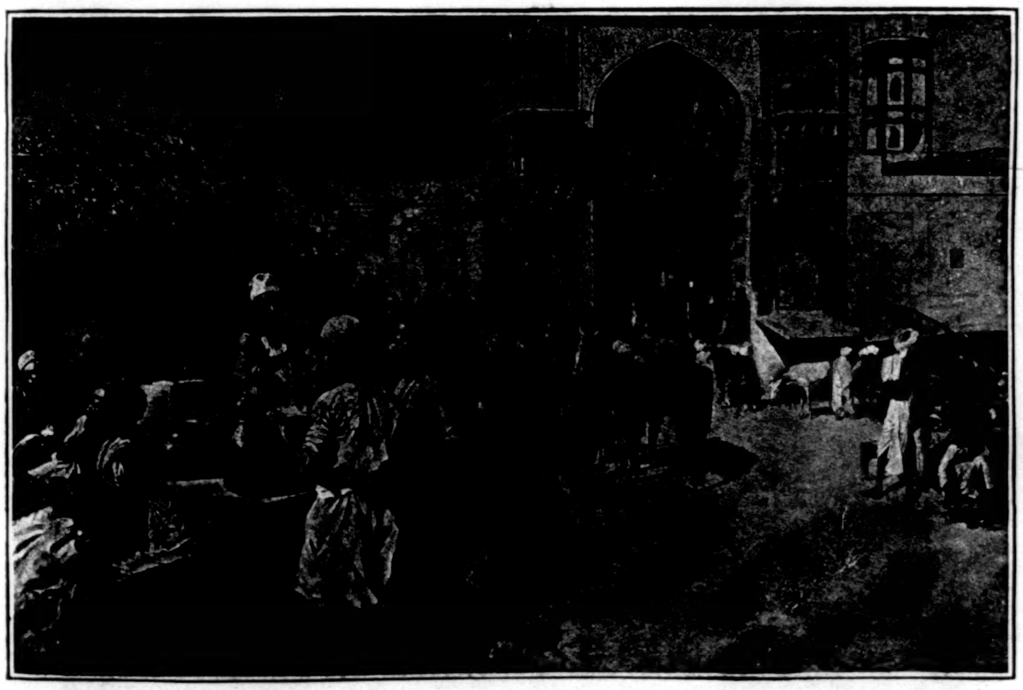
Mr. Walter MacEwen sends two pictures, "The Sisters," and "Gamins Hollandais." The former represents the garden front of a Dutch house; the red brick wall, the curtained window, and the climbing cherry-tree fill up the canvas and form the background for two seated figures, one sewing a piece of red stuff, the other admiring her pretty coif in the improvised mirror of a pewter plate. The piece of stuff which one of the sisters is sewing forms a large patch of red, set into the picture, which is otherwise richer in color than most of this artist's previous work. The "Gamins Hollandais," or "Dutch Boys," not to say urchins, represents a gray-green Dutch landscape, bathed in pearly moist atmosphere, and in the foreground four little Dutch boys, with flaxen hair and round lumpy faces, corrugated by the effort of wide-open mouths and straining lungs. These droll little fellows hold their caps in their hands, and wear huge sabots, black clothes, and over their clothes queer blouses of blue or pink cotton, gathered round the neck into folds that suggest the collar of Pierrot. These "gamins hollandais," with their mouths open like the letter O, are simply shouting, or "hollering," if that familiar word may be allowed. The picture is naïvely humorous, and very delicate in tone.

Mr. Lionel Walden's "Accident at Sea" is another step in advance. In previous Salons we admired this artist's "Yellow Morning on the Thames," and his "Steamer Unloading," for the originality of the observation and for the delicate sensitiveness to the charm of grayness therein displayed. Now Mr. Walden has left the calm atmosphere of the Thames and gone to sea. The sky is dark; the furious waves are coursing along and throwing up clouds of spray; a three-masted sailing ship has had the misfortune to get into the trough of the sea, and the topmast has been carried away together with the bowsprit. Each wave strikes the ship sidewise, and washes over her, and amidst the blinding spray the sailors in their oil-skins are busy with axes, cutting away the backstays and all the dangerous

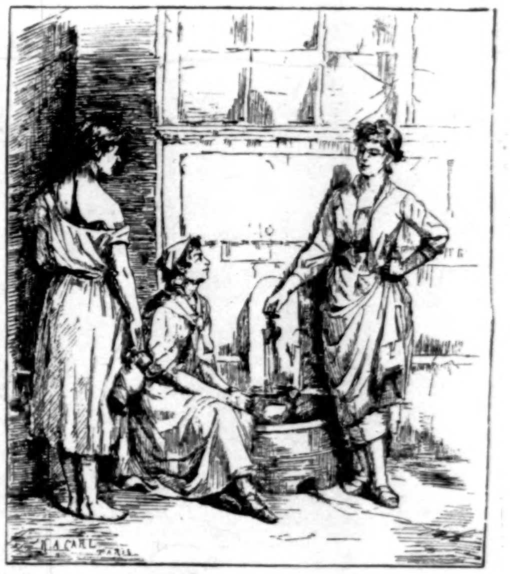
(*Continued on page 334.*)



"GAMINS HOLLANDAIS."—By Walter MacEwen.



"OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT AT LAHORE."—By Edwin Lord Weeks.



"À LA FONTAINE, RUE ST. MEDARD."—By Kate A. Carl.